

space city!

•formerly space city news.

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Houston, Texas

20¢

*25¢ out
of town*



all power to the
red coyooootes



Off The Candy Bars

Dear Space City:

I wish to comment on the October 3-16 article by Jeff Williams entitled "You Are What You Eat". I am glad to see some of this dietary information become available. The article is good and to the best of my knowledge generally accurate. However, I was surprised to see at one point the author advocate candy bars as a carbohydrate supplier, and undo much of the good of the article. This is a bad suggestion, considering the effect of refined sugar on nutrition and the human body. Sugar acts in at least two ways:

1. Ingestion of sugar triggers a dramatic release of insulin from the pancreas, due to the fact that it is easily and quickly assimilated because of the processing. This can be harmful in that in predisposed individuals (and who knows what genes one has) it can act as a precipitating cause of diseases such as diabetes, hypoglycemia, asthma, etc. Sugar is not an "energy food" as the sugar industry would have you believe; actually blood sugar is lower within two hours after ingestion, causing more fatigue than before.

2. White refined sugar needs vitamins and minerals to break down, particularly the B complex, and because

it contains none of these essential elements after processing, it must take the supply you may have obtained from other sources, possibly leaving little for assimilation of better foods. Lack of B vitamins alone has an effect on the health of the nerves, pancreas and blood vessels. Due to the adulteration of our American diet by the food manufacturers with refined sugars, bleached flour and other over-processed semipoisonous carbohydrates such as white bread, processed cereals, candy and snack foods, B complex deficiency is one of the most common and serious nutrition deficiencies in this country. The more refined sugar ingested, the more serious B deficiency can be. These are high profit items which explains the increase in the quantity and variety of these products.

There are other reasons for leaving white sugar out of the diet, among which are dental decay and replacement of better foods. There has been research on sugar and its relation to disease, but unfortunately the sugar industry has been able to keep it from becoming public knowledge.

I hope Mr. Williams will look into this aspect of nutrition. We need to make more food knowledge available so that some truth is within reach to counteract the huge snow job that is being handed us.

Sincerely,
Carol H. Baugh
Brenham

Space City Steadily Declining?

Dear Collective,

I'm sorry to have to say it but (sheesh!) the quality of Space City! has been steadily declining! The trouble seems to be that you're getting too hung-up on thinking that a "different type of politics" is the answer to this country's problems. Almost every article in each issue is politically oriented. This actually makes for boring reading after a couple of issues.

Why not any articles on other (non-political) organizations or individuals? There are more people in Houston working for a better world than PP11 and JBRL (JBRL are great graffitiists . . . but so what?). I know "pig politics" are screwed but I feel that all politics are screwed!

Why not an article on the Home of Universal Life (Aquarian Meditation Movement)? They're giving free lectures every Sunday at the YWCA, and I've attended a couple of these lectures and what they're doing is really revolutionary! They teach pure truth! They could probably be turning-on a lot more people if you would give them some help too. An article on their type movement and/or teachings would be a hell of a lot more

interesting (and constructive) than an article on Angela Davis and other type subject matter that doesn't affect us and that we can't do anything about anyway.

Please try to be a little more interesting and broaden your scope of subject matter.

Right On!
Mark Trahan
Houston

Pig Helicopters' Insidious Actions

Space City,

You know those police helicopters that have been flying around in the sky lately doing insidious things? I know this sounds crazy but the pigs have painted "hippie" in big letters on the top of our cars. For Volkswagens they just draw a peace type symbol or something because there's not much room.

There's no reason to check your car because they use a special kind of

Cont. on 23

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

(Questions which you would like to see answered in What Do You Say? should be sent to Space City!, 1217 Wichita, Houston, c/o Mike Zee.)

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT GOV. SMITH'S CONFRONTATION WITH UH STUDENTS - WHEN HE WALKED OFF THE PLATFORM WITHOUT SPEAKING?

Laura Zahn, presently unemployed:

"Neat that the students overpowered him. Just think it's real neat. He's chicken - he didn't say anything. Just like on his TV commercials, he never speaks. It's symbolic, maybe he's senile. He's always looking off camera from the corner of his eye. He's not intelligent. He could have spoken if he wanted to. If he had something to really say, he wouldn't have walked away."



Bill Brown, adventurer:

"I think any man has right to speak, but Smith saying he was going to send the troops onto the campus if there was any kind of trouble - that shows what kind of man we have as governor in Texas. I think what he says sucks, but he has the right to say it."



Allan Zieber, student:

"I'm glad students showed their reaction about Lee Otis getting 30 years for a joint, but Gov. Smith blew the election. If he reduced the sentence he would have gotten not only the young but also the old vote. Any thinking person, no matter how old, knows Lee Otis' sentence is unjust and should be reduced."



Janet Leigh Broom, also known as Venus:

"I don't think it should have happened. When a speaker is invited, you should hear him, ask questions later."



Joanie Whitebird, poet:

"Neatest thing U of H done in long time. Good campus spirit. It really lets older people know what younger people are thinking, the shit that's going down, such as giving Lee Otis Johnson 30 years for smoking a joint. What the students did was the only way to let older people know."



David Brown, student:

"Smith got in front of people and like a fuckin pig he just copped out. Unjustified in walking off because he was supposed to talk to students. But he was just doing it for votes, so he copped out."



Tex Goehring, bum

"If people want Lee Otis Johnson freed, they got a right to shout to free him and all other political prisoners. If I had been there I would have shouted too. People in Houston are getting together now, digging together, trusting together and that's what's making the revolution come to Houston."

3

Un-Pleasantville



Pleasantville Rent Strikers picket offices of United Management. Photo by Cam Duncan.

The Pleasantville Committee for Community Improvement (PCCI) has called for an immediate rent strike at Pleasantville Apartments, located in the 8400 block of Market St. in northeast Houston. Three meetings with the management staff of the apartments and the Pleasantville Committee failed to produce guarantees that a list of tenant grievances would be satisfied for the 300-unit project.

Andy Moran, Chairman of the Committee, said the only changes the management has made since negotiations about the apartment conditions was to "paint the garbage cans and cut some of the grass." When the management was first approached about deteriorated conditions of the

apartments, a list of 21 grievances was given to them. The management of the apartments was then transferred to another realtor company, United Management, a local firm which manages, but does not own, apartment complexes, most of them in ghetto areas of Houston.

Moran said, "We demand the following as of now: 1) An immediate reduction in rent of \$3 per unit as long as the premises are below Housing Code standards; 2) Elimination of exploitive late charges; 3) Substantial improvement to begin within two weeks; 4) A written lease to all tenants who wish to sign one."

"The response to our demands have

been inadequate thus far. Because of this, we intend to withhold our rent and to pay this rent to the organization (PCCI) until such time as our demands are met," Moran said.

Of the 300 units, about 200 are occupied. Weekly rent for new tenants is \$19.50 for the two-bedroom, unfurnished apartments. Tenants who have lived at Pleasantville for a few years have their rent reduced to \$15 a week. Tenants who are late paying their rent must pay \$3 for each day the rent is overdue.

Mrs Hazel Jackson, a tenant in the apartments for 13 years, said, "These apartments are run down badly. You have to take curtains down or put rags in the windows when it rains. It doesn't leak when it rains, it just rains inside."

Another tenant complained of rats throughout the apartment project. She said they are so bad you can hear them in the walls, "and in my bathroom they're under the bathtub. I always hear them bumping up against my bathtub at night."

Spokesmen for the Pleasantville Committee say they have asked tenants to start withholding rent Friday and Saturday. Rent monies will be placed in escrow, awaiting some satisfactory response from the landlord or management. Persons wishing to support the Pleasantville rent strikers may join the picket line at the United Management offices at the corner of Louisiana and Stewart from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. daily.

HI-SKOOL RAP-UP



WE ARE
THE
TROUBLEMAKERS!



We knew what would happen in court the day we went on trial: we would be convicted of "loitering," "obstructing traffic" and "disorderly conduct." Not that we had committed any of those offenses — we hadn't. What we had done was to attempt to distribute copies of Little Red Schoolhouse, a Houston hi-skool paper, to Sam Rayburn high school students after school one day.

On Sept. 4, four people went to Sam Rayburn High to pass out papers. Soon, seven or eight policemen were on the scene, herding the vendors into pig cars. Harrell Graham, Jim Shannon, and John Schaller were all charged with loitering and obstructing traffic. Harrell was also charged with disorderly conduct because he was talking loudly to the students about democracy and freedom of speech. Susie Le Blanc, a minor, was released to her parents. While in jail all were harrassed and one was beaten.

When we walked into court on the day of the trial we were not surprised that the atmosphere was like that of school, if not worse.

"In came the judge, coughing and harumphing, and everybody stood at attention. The regular motions were completed and traffic violations were gotten out of the way. All of the judge's lackeys were running around saying yes your honor and no your honor and if the court please, your honor . . .

"The room was a sterile one, devoid of life. The benches were in rows and most of the people there probably thought they'd be shot on sight if they uttered a word. All eyes were focused on the man in the big chair at the front of the room. Where'd people learn to act so lifeless? . . . you guessed it.

Finally our turn came to face AMERIKAN JUSTICE. "Raise your right hand." We raised our clenched fists. The judge coughed and grunted, then told us to open our fists cause he'd tolerate "none of this foolishness."

The trial began, we sat, impatiently listening to all the talk of whether we were actually blocking traffic and blah blah blah. The cops lied right through their teeth, saying how traffic was stacked up for blocks because of us.

We weren't allowed to talk about the real issues; the judge sustained the prosecution's objections to questions concerning underground literature and freedom of press. Sitting there made me think of my sisters and brothers in high school: if they could spend one day in a courtroom it would sure set them to thinking about their civics and history classes where they learn all about freedom in Amerika. Better yet, if they would question in class some of the things happening in Amerika today (war, loss of freedoms, poverty) then they would see how fast most teachers are to say, "That doesn't have anything to do with what's in the book."

Money put up so far is in the hundreds of dollars. Even supposing we really were obstructing traffic and all, the fine and bail money is hardly in line with the crime. But the fact is that we aren't guilty of any of these crimes. The fact is that the people who have power in Pasadena (school administrators, police, judges, ad nauseum) feel their positions threatened by what Little Red Schoolhouse represents, and will do whatever it takes to silence us.

When the contradictions in this society become more apparent, then seemingly-democratic methods like the courts won't be used: deviants will just be put

in prisoner-of-war camps (it is a war, you know) or simply get killed. (Remember Carl?)

A foreboding of things to come was uncovered accidentally when, near the end of the trial, one of the three defendants asked the judge, "If I may ask a question, does your honor believe in democracy and freedom of the press?"

"If you don't shut up, you'll be thrown in jail," the judge said.

LAMAR

Meanwhile, at Lamar, students are beginning to get together and ACT. Students Of Free Thought (SOFT) is an organization recently formed to educate students about their rights and about larger social issues. They feel that students should be aware that there is oppression in school and that school is only a tool used to oppress and channel people into Amerikan society at large.

They have passed out several leaflets so far and distributed many copies of Little Red Schoolhouse. They are now trying to organize people against the school ban on cigarette smoking among students. Several people have been kicked out; many have been expelled.

SAM RAYBURN

Several people were standing out in front of Sam Rayburn High School Thursday, Oct 23, passing out leaflets concerning the Oct. 31 demonstration in Austin, when Pasadena police arrived on the scene — the same spot where four LRS staffers were arrested six weeks ago. Reports indicate none were arrested.

WESTCHESTER

Some girls out at Westchester High School in the Spring Branch district decided that they wouldn't put up with the repressive dress code any

longer — so they organized a day when all girls would wear pants in protest of these stupid regulations. The sisters trying to help people get their shit together underestimated the fear the skool had instilled in the students; only five or six wore pants.

This made it easy for the pig administrators to strike back. Diane Essig, one of the organizers of the protest, was suspended from skool and people were just too untogther to do anything about it. We have to learn to move together against the "man" when he comes down on our sisters and brothers.

SPRING BRANCH

A pep rally out at Spring Branch High School the other night turned into a near riot, as firemen attempted to extinguish a student-built bonfire. Students, who are usually apathetic, weren't going to be stepped on this night. Armed with rocks and sticks, they prevented the fireman from putting out the blaze for over 30 minutes, when a sufficient number of pigs arrived on the scene to quell the disturbance. No one was arrested at this time, but reports indicate that several students were injured, particularly one boy knocked down by an explosion after a gas can was thrown on the fire.

Even though people quickly reacted to the police at the bonfire, they have been more reluctant to deal with the pig-authoritarianism that confronts them daily inside the repressive skools.

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Randy Found Guilty In Smith Fracas

Randy Chapman, University of Houston student senator picked out as a scapegoat for the heckling of Preston Smith, was found guilty of violating Student Life policy by disrupting the University, Wednesday, Oct. 28. The six member Student Court—4 students and 2 professors—voted 4-2 against Randy and sentenced him to eight weeks disciplinary probation, a softening of University President Hoffman's previous extra-legal suspension.

Randy was handicapped in preparing his defense by being denied access to the UH campus from Oct. 7, the day of his summary "emergency" dismissal by Hoffman, until the first day of the trial. Last Thursday, he tried to use the student health center and was locked up in the Traffic and Security (campus cop) shed.

The defense witnesses testified as to their expectation that Gov. Smith would indeed speak about Lee Otis and their willingness to listen and disappointment that he walked offstage without speaking. As Donald Berhard, political science graduate student said, "The definition of a situation is determined by the highest authority present to speak about it" and in this case, "90% of the people present and 100% of those not present" believe the governor and mass media that he was shouted down.

Randy's lawyers, Rick Garfinkel, Robert Wallace and Charles Baxter ascertained that Orell Fitzsimmons, president of the Smith Group who arranged for the governor to appear, and UH alumnus Bill Hollis both spoke and were heard over the noise in the Houston Room; that Preston Smith had last spring at the University of Texas at Austin spoken over considerable jeering; that the P.A. system of the Houston Room works; and that there were several protracted lulls in crowd noise during the one to two minutes Smith "stoically" stood at the podium.

Nina Welk

Corpus MAYO Protests Murder

MAYOs and young Chicanos, plus a number of middle-aged community Chicanos, Chicano bikers, about 30 blacks and a handful of Anglos.

Four carloads of Houston MAYOs and their sympathizers drove to Corpus Christi, Sunday, Oct. 18, to participate in a rally called to protest the shooting of Mario Benavides. Benavides was shot in the back of the head by a Corpus Christi pig named Spencer for allegedly stealing a tire. There are many inconsistencies in the story of Benavides' tire-stealing. He was shot about a mile from where the alleged theft occurred.

The pig that shot him is a relatively big man and Benavides was a person of small stature. Unverified reports state that Benavides was onto some illegal activity on Spencer's part and was offed so he couldn't blow the whistle. At any rate, it is very strange that a pig would chase someone a mile before offing him.

The march started in the parking lot of a grocery store close to where the alleged theft took place. Some 500 people marched to a city park for a rally.

The tone of the rally speeches ranged from deploring the incident to exhortation to pick up guns.

After the rally in the park, the people marched to the police station. The chief of pigs met with the people who demanded that Spencer be produced. People tried to move into the station, and 23 pigs with full riot equipment appeared. A pig got his badge ripped off during a brief scuffle; the only injury of the day was a tear in his shirt. There were additional pigs on the roof of the pig station and on an elevated expressway.

MAYOs from various chapters formed a line and kept the people back from the station, realizing that 23 pigs with riot equipment could not "control" a group of 500, and people would have been shot. A meeting was arranged between five Corpus area MAYO representatives and the pigs the following Wednesday. The people dispersed, chanting "We'll be back" and "Off the pigs."

The demonstrators were mainly

One of the most interesting things about the demonstration was the way people, especially the older ones, related to the speeches and marching chants. Everybody yelled "Off the pigs" and "Motherfuckers" without hesitation. Nobody showed any sign of disapproval when speakers suggested that they take up guns. The chant "Weatherman, Weatherman, Black Panthers, Black Panthers, MAYO, MAYO" was picked up by everybody.

As we left Corpus, we had the impression that our Raza was becoming less tolerant of such actions by the police, and beginning to develop a new outlook on the defense of their barrios. To the Chicanos of Corpus the defense of one man meant the same as the defense of la familia Mexicana.

—Houston MAYO

hs rap-up

Cont. from prev. page

A final word: Little Red Schoolhouse, Houston's only radical high school newspaper, is in danger of collapse, mostly because of financial hassles. Legal expenses for staff members arrested while distributing the paper and high printing costs have wiped out a limited budget. And, businesses with enough money to advertise in the paper won't do so. Anyway, we need help. People to distribute the latest issue, to help raise money for the next one, write articles, poems, reviews, do cartoons and photographs, help with layout, etc. What you don't know, we will try and teach you; what you do know, you can teach us. We need all the help, money, and love we can get. Call us at 526-6258 or come by 1217 Wichita.

Keep on truckin!

—Harrell and Jim
Little Red Schoolhouse

The following appeared as an editorial in the Oct. 9 Daily Texan, student newspaper at the University of Texas in Austin.

Preston's type of 'hoodlum'

Gov. Preston Smith encountered some genuine heckling at the University of Houston Wednesday night and, in a huff, cancelled his speech and attacked college administrators for allowing "young hoodlums" to go undisciplined in cases like this.

He went on to say that if administrators don't do something about this sort of behavior soon, "somebody's gonna have to do it for them."

APPARENTLY PRESTON couldn't muster enough discipline to outshout the hecklers, although the hecklers probably had more to say than Preston did. Remember, governor, when about 50,000 football fans booed you in the Astrodome last year?

But we recall a day not too long ago when some very responsible young college students (about 7,000 to be exact) asked Preston to do something about "old hoodlums" who were making a mockery of justice in dividing the College of Arts and Sciences and firing the dean. He never did.

GAYS BUSTED AT PALACE CLUB

The pigs have crapped on the Gay community once again. This time they hoisted their hind leg on the Palace Club. Around 9 pm, Saturday, Oct. 24, two uniformed pigs appeared at the front desk of the club. When they were asked by the desk attendant what their business was, they replied: "Shut up. It's none of your business." All the employees were then searched and IDs were checked. Everyone in the club was asked if he were homosexual.

In the club that evening were two out-of-town guests who were under 21, but accompanied by a member. Their guest cards were stamped "No Alcohol," and they had been served only Coke. They were told by the pigs, who had by this time been joined by eight vice squad members, that unless they confessed to drinking alcohol they would "get the hell beat out of them." One pig, who had been seen in another club by one of the Palace's bartenders, told the bartender, "If you call out my name in front of these guys, I'll knock your teeth down your throat!"

After all the guests and employees had been harrassed and cursed, the two minors and five employees were arrested and taken to jail. On the way downtown, the pigs laughed and joked about "the big haul of queers" they had made. They drove in excess of 110 mph and made numerous threats against their captives.

At police headquarters, four of the victims—including the two minors—were fined and released after one hour. The remaining three Palace employees were held for 17 hours and 20 minutes. They were never told what the charges against them were, were denied use of the telephone, and were never told of their legal rights. While being held, the Palace employees witnessed another prisoner being beaten until "he vomited for an hour."

The owner and manager of the Palace Club proceeded immediately to the police headquarters to post bond and pay fines. When they entered Vice Squad headquarters and asked what they could do to "see that this won't happen again," they were pushed down and told to shut up. One Vice Squad pig told them, "I've had enough of your club, and we're going to have your license."

Release of the employees was secured through a bondsman who was quoted as saying, "This is the most obvious case of police harrassment I've ever seen." Bonds on the three employees held over night were set at \$800 each—but they were never told what the charges were.

The headline of the October issue of Nuntius, which bills itself as Texas' Gay Newspaper, reads: "No Police Harrassment in Houston." The Nuntius claims that the police are to help better run and protect our bars and that we should cooperate fully with them. We say Bullshit. The pigs are the enemy of the Gays. The incident at the Palace is not a remote one, not a rare one. It is an everyday occurrence in the Montrose area.

It's time the Gay community woke up to the facts, and it's time the Nuntius and others who claim to speak for Gays stopped avoiding the truth about the Houston police. The pigs have declared war on the Montrose area, and the Gay community is part of the Montrose.

The Gay Liberation Front of Houston is dedicated to the building of an effective defense within the Gay community—a defense capable of repelling the pigism that rocked the Palace Saturday night, the pigism that fucks over Gays every day of our lives. We call on all the Gays of Houston to join in the battle for Gay equality and dignity. Information on meeting times and places may be secured by calling Switchboard (522-9769) or writing GLF of Houston, P.O. Box 52105, Houston 77052.

—Houston Gay Liberation Front



Shannon, Graham and Schaller—men of their convictions just keep on truckin'.

The Submarine Church Is Surfacing



The 63rd annual Episcopal Convention was held here in Space City last weekend. A few of us went up to the Second Presbyterian Church where the "youth" were supposed to be staying. I was expecting to meet a bunch of kids in Sunday School clothes who wouldn't probably even come near me cause I happened to have b.o. really bad that day. Instead, much to my surprise, I was met by a radical underground church group called "the submarine church."

I thought to myself, "How can you be radical and still be in the church? Do they actually believe there's a God who sits up in heaven and all that?" So I asked a girl named Betsy and of course she laughed. No, they just happened to be a group of freaks with a few drop-out ministers.

They heard about a Presbyterian Convention in Chicago last spring and decided to go see what they could do. Not to try and change any church heads — they know better than that — but to try and confront the convention in a guerilla theater sort of way; to confront them with their incredible racism, sexism, the war, etc.

The convention also gave them a chance to get together with submarine church people from other parts of the country.

But what I really want to tell you about these people is how beautiful they are. They are freaks but they are also revolutionaries. Most people I know (nation-wide) are either freaks or revolutionaries. You know what I mean? The freaks having no political perspective at all and the revolutionaries having no freak perspective, which always seemed rather contradictory to me since I always felt that one of the reasons we are having a revolution is so that we can be freaks.

Well, anyway, these people have combined the two. They grow their hair long, smoke dope, drink wine, have a good time, live communally, but at the same time are well aware of the crisis this country is in and are serious and dedicated to ending this crisis through the only means available — revolution.

I obtained a copy of their goodbye letter to the Episcopal Convention. You will undoubtedly get to know them much better by reading it — I understood more about them just by reading this letter than all the raps combined. Hope you dig it.

— Star Gibson

When you come to appear before me, who requires of you this trampling of my courts? Bring no more vain offerings; incense is an abomination to me. New moon and sabbath and the calling of assemblies — I cannot endure iniquity and solemn assembly. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hates; they have become a burden to me, I am weary of bearing them. When you spread forth your hands, I will hide my eyes from you; even though you make many prayers, I will not listen; your hands are full of blood. Wash yourselves clean; remove the evil of your doings from before my eyes; cease to do evil, learn to do good; seek justice, correct oppression; defend the fatherless, plead for the widow.

— Isaiah 1:12-17

This issue of the Submarine is dedicated to the 63rd Episcopalian convention. We leave knowing that there will never be a 64th Triennial in this country.

With the happenings of the past week, it seems incredible that the Episcopalian Church can believe that it has done little more than make small

print headlines in the Houston papers. These headlines are only made out of the dying relationships of Blacks, Browns, Reds, Yellows, Women, and Youth to the dead church.

We will meet again, perhaps: in the jails and concentration camps of mother country, at the barricades in the streets, at the communion table, or in the face of a dying man. We may hide in some of your houses and we may hand your children the gun for your assassination.

We, like you, have come too far to turn back. Our numbers are increasing, while yours are dancing death dances in clerical robes. We are at war. Our soldiers have killed themselves in Vietnam for you and died in the face of your ruthless power at Kent State, at Jackson State, Berkeley, and countless open attacks in homes and streets. We are outlaws. Our brothers and sisters are forced to flee underground for attempting to live out their rights of self determination and freedom. You debate the use of violence by people seeking to throw off their oppression while investing your money in the war-waging corporate capitalist systems.

We came to communicate our fears, joys, hopes, cares, and concerns. You rebuffed, booed, hissed, and harassed our prophecies. You have seen the time when we would talk in the interest of things like 'dialogue' and 'communication'. We will say no more.

We leave with one resounding note of solidarity. Free all political prisoners! Free Angela Davis! Viva la Raza! Viva la causa! Women unite! Brothers and sisters unite! Off the pig! Death to pig nation and its religious orders!

The bread is rising.

The asphalt church is marching.

The Submarine Church is surfacing.

The liberated zone is at hand.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

The dinosaur Episcopal church is doomed to die the death of the prehistoric beast. Like the ancient Behemoth, the Episcopal church is riddled with contradictions which it cannot survive.

The elected officials of the church piously wash their hands of any program which is tainted with "violence", and yet allow their investment committees to hold over \$989,000 worth of DuPont stock. DuPont is no.31 in the Dept. of Defense list of the top 100 military contractors and its subsidiary, Remington Arms, supplies the military with most of its small arms ammunition. General Electric, a company to which the Episcopal church has lent over \$1,925,000 is no.2 on the list of 100 prime contractors and produces a vast array of military equipment ranging from anti-aircraft machine guns to missile re-entry systems.

The Episcopal church claims to carry a Christian mission to countries of the third world. Yet, through its investment policies, it is involved in the virtual rape of third world people. With \$1,091,000 worth of bonds invested in the Celanese Corp., a company that has a production and marketing monopoly of synthetic fibers in Mexico and much of Central and South America, the Episcopal church stands with the oppressors of Latin America. In a recent four year period, the Celanese Corp. took \$885,000,000 from Colombia alone and returned it to the U.S. Likewise, International Nickel, Inc. is bleeding Guatemala of its nickel resources. The Episcopal church has \$1,389,000 worth of stock and \$1,432,000 worth

of bonds invested in this monopolistic, rapacious company.

The hypocrisy of the church is clear. The world is beginning to see the church as it is. It will never change or die.

do you remember when the Cuban missile crisis was happening and you wanted to get your family and close friends all together in one place? I feel kinda like that now. We came to the general convention because the Episcopal church, by its very structure, guarantees that there will be no radical young people ever making decisions in it. We wanted to help even things up. But since we've been here, events have sent our heads to other places. Angela was ripped off in New York, a real pisser. After all that Kent means to us, the Ohio grand jury indicted 25 students in the action that massacred four of our folk. Canada has suspended all civil liberties (remember Canada, our good neighbor to the north?). Rumor has it that this is a Ford foundation financed pilot project in repression — for immediate export to America as soon as the bugs are worked out. Nixon signed the no-knock law. New campus rules came down in Berkeley which look like the free speech movement never happened.

that is the daily reality in which we operate and we have tried unsuccessfully to introduce that reality into the agenda of this convention. We read scripture and you boo. We read the newspaper and you try to cut off the mike and call the pigs. We try to rap honestly about our differences and you offer contrived encounter group liturgy to gloss over those differences. We know that there are many good people here — people who have been into the struggle much longer than we have. One of the heaviest things that continues to divide us is that you keep seeing things in terms of issues: the peace issue, the race issue, the woman issue, the ecology issue, the youth issue. With us it is not a matter of separable issues. We are experiencing and sharing the birth of a new culture. Tom Hayden has it right — we are like a new-born baby trying out his reflexes. The child stretches out his right arm and latches onto racism, tests his lungs and exposes imperialism, kicks out and strikes sexism. We are committed to nourishing that tender culture amidst the ruins of the dying culture. No doubt some of you share that vision and we will see you again. This is just not the right time or place. We're splitting now to return to our people. All power to the life culture.

On Strike GM

DETROIT — The General Motors Building on Second and West Grant Boulevard looks like a massive gray mountain against the rainy Detroit sky. It's the world headquarters of the world's largest corporation. GM sales in 1969 were over \$24 billion. This was the highest in the US. It represents a greater volume of economic activity than that of any underdeveloped country.

Confronting this power are over a third of a million auto workers in North America who have been on strike against GM since September 15. The UAW decided to take on the big one.

But can the union win? The issues are substantial bread-and-butter ones: big pay increase, voluntary paid retirement after 30 years of service, no ceiling on the cost of living factor. The \$120 million in the UAW strike fund is enough to last for an eight to ten week strike. This sounds like a long time, but the General Motors Company is bargaining from a strong position.

GM has stockpiled enough cars and parts, on the one hand, and built enough plants in foreign countries, on the other hand, to withstand a long strike without going under.

The stockpiled cars are there because the union does not control the rate of production (assembly-line speedup and compulsory overtime).

The foreign plants are there because the UAW has never effectively opposed the way powerful U.S. companies exploit the cheap labor of

underdeveloped countries.

There should be no confusion about the fact that it is GM's imperialism and international racism which has enabled it to grow powerful enough to withstand the pressure of a domestic strike.

Thirty percent of GM's total production last year came from overseas manufacturing. This was a 13% increase over the previous year. Why is GM expanding overseas?

GM builds plants in areas of the world where the labor is cheapest — where unions are weak or non-existent. It has plants in Uruguay, Venezuela, New Zealand, Chile, Brazil and South Africa.

At times GM's exploitations of these poverty areas is so blatant as to cause it some embarrassment. An example is South Africa. Company executives claim that investment in South Africa does not constitute support for the South African government's racist policies. But these policies insure GM a large (and secret) profit rate. The average wage for Black workers in GM's South African operations is around 55 cents per hour. This is because the South African government has banned labor unions for Black workers. Obviously, this white supremacist policy means a higher profit for GM.

Moreover, GM's South African management is explicit in its racism. The plant manager of the largest GM factory in South Africa recently referred to Black Africans as "raw people from the countryside." He declared, "I wouldn't say that these people don't have any reasoning power, but what they do have is very limited."

Another official said, "With the hue and cry that is being raised in America these days, we would just as soon not be mentioned in connection with our South African operations. Our position, you see, is rather delicate." The company in South Africa is run directly from the New York headquarters.

Another aspect of GM's imperialism is the extent to which it provides the hardware to hold the empire together. GM's 1969 operations included the tenth largest volume of war-related contracts in the United States. This amounted to around \$700 million.

An example of this production is the GM Hydramatic Division in Ypsilanti, Michigan, which manufactures the M16 rifle. A sample of other war material produced by GM subsidiaries includes aircraft gunsights, fire control systems, bombing computers, data repeaters, gun-rocketry computers (AC Sparkplug Division, Flint Mich. and Milwaukee); motor gun carriages (Cadillac Motor Car Division, Detroit); systems and gun-bomb-rocket sights (Delco Radio Division); 90 mm. guns (Oldsmobile Division, Lansing); and 20 mm. automatic guns (Pontiac Motor Division, Pontiac, Mich.).

Another reason for GM's strong bargaining position is the inventory that it built prior to the strike. This was done through speed-up on the production line and compulsory overtime.

The UAW has already dropped the issue of compulsory overtime from its first of bargaining points. The issue of speed-up was never seriously raised by the union in this series of talks. Both of these issues relate to the idea of worker control over the rate and conditions of production. The company doesn't want to give this up. The union doesn't want to touch it.

Fear of militant young workers, Black and White, has led to a co-operative effort by management and union to impose a regime of "industrial law and order" in the plants. A recent article in the Detroit *Free Press* stated that the UAW is now working with management in training union stewards in Ford plants to cut down on absenteeism and improve workers efficiency.

In the present strike, observers expect that workers will express their frustration and anger by refusing to ratify many of the local contracts. The local ratifications, grievance settlements, and supplementary agreements will be the most important battleground in the strike. They are the only points where the rank and file will be able to fight GM. In doing so, they will have to fight GM's twin imperialist institution — the UAW. The holdouts and wildcats that follow the national negotiations will expose the extent of rank and file disillusion with union leaders who will want them back in the plants once the national contract is signed.

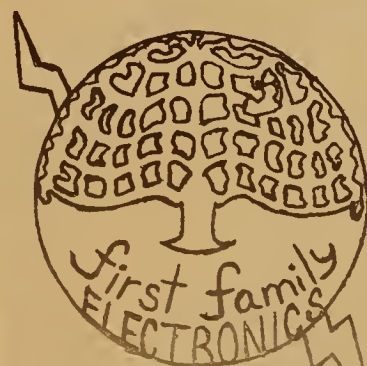
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Cartoons from Palante/LNS.

Liberia, Indonesia, Vietnam and the rest of Southeast Asia are only some examples of the foreign operations of the rubber monster, which has extended its tentacles to every corner of the globe. Goodyear, Firestone, Uniroyal, and Goodrich produce tires in over thirty-five countries. Most of these countries are poor, and the rubber barons take advantage of this condition by paying rock-bottom wages. In 1961, rubber workers in India averaged only 70 cents per day.

The rubber companies are part of a world-wide system of exploitation that makes American businessmen hated throughout the world. But oppressed workers are rising up angry.

And we in the mother country — the belly of the beast — must also rise up angry. Rise up in support of the exploited at home and abroad and against the exploiters.

The people will win.

When Nelson Rockefeller, the symbol of U.S. big business, went into Latin America, he was stoned in every city he visited. And it won't be too long before workers in Guatemala, Brazil, Thailand, and a dozen other countries kick out the Harvey Firestones and take over their factories and plantations, and run them for themselves.

Fingers In Your Pie Dept.

The Rubber Barons

U.S. Imperialism is not an abstract term dreamed up by some wild-eyed revolutionary or cloistered intellectual. It is the systematic exploitation of the people of the world for the profit of a few rich white men here in the United States. Hundreds of thousands of lives — Third World and American — pay for these men's wealth, and no major U.S. industry is innocent.

Take rubber for instance. Like huge tandem tires on a monster truck, the Big Four rubber companies — Goodrich, Uniroyal, Firestone and Goodyear — roll right over the people, both at home and around the world.

The Big Four rubber companies are growing bigger every day on their way to totally monopolizing the world market. In the United States they control 78% of the rubber market, and of the 117 rubber companies in the rest of the world, the Big Four control 71.

Yet despite their world-wide power, their staggering wealth (the DuPont family wealth exceeds 7.5 billion dollars) and their ties to all the others who run this country, the rubber barons are in trouble. Their exploitation has earned them enemies around the world.

In Liberia on the west coast of Africa, Firestone has 30,000 plantation workers who each earn about \$183 a year. In 1955 Firestone paid about \$9.3 million into Liberia for rent, wages and taxes. In that same year they took out of Liberia over \$33 million worth of rubber. Recently, 10,000 workers on the Firestone plantation tried to strike. These men are forced to leave their families and homes to work on the plantation where they earn 64 cents a day. After four days of strike activity the President of Liberia called in the army to massacre the strikers — he's a useful man for Firestone to keep on its payroll!

Other workers have revolted against exploitation by the rubber barons. In 1965, Indonesian workers seized a \$5 million Goodyear tire plant. They prevented the Goodyear managers from entering the plant and elected a workers' council to supervise production. The Indonesian government at that time was also considering taking over plantations owned by Goodyear and Firestone so that their huge profits would go to Indonesia instead of the corporations. However, a right

wing military takeover, supported by the United States changed all that. Hundreds of thousands of militant workers and farmers were murdered. The rebellious workers were arrested as political criminals and forced to labor on Goodyear's plantation as prisoners. Instead of low wages they now get none at all.

In Cambodia, Thailand, Malaysia and Vietnam, rubber plantations cover much of the countryside. The Big Four buy a major share of the rubber produced here. These plantations are owned by men who have kicked the farmers off their land, planted rubber trees, and then forced the now landless people to return as plantation hands. The plantation workers make almost no money while the owners pocket huge profits.

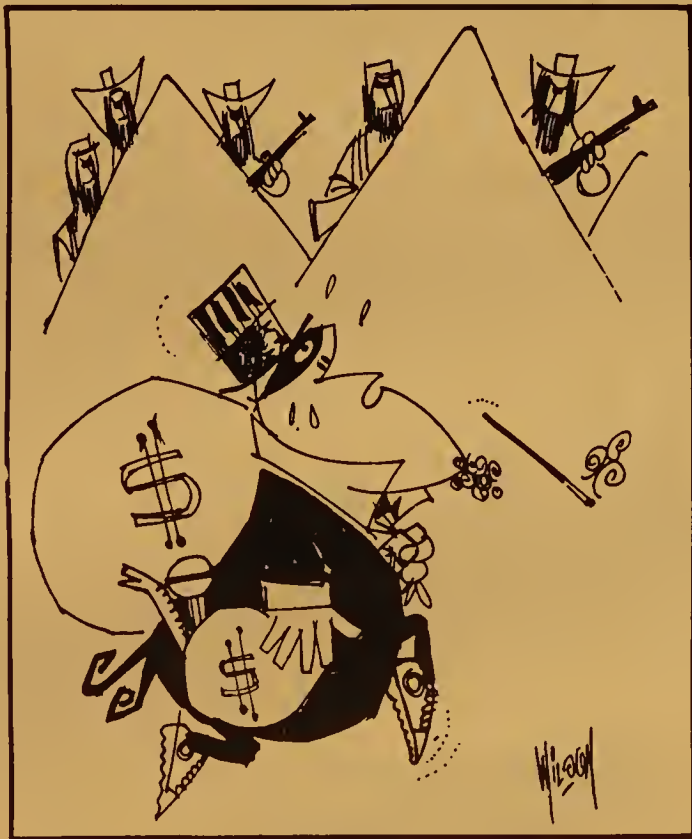
This pattern of foreigners and plantation owners getting rich while the people become poorer happens in every money-making business in Southeast Asia, not just rubber cultivation. Tired of this exploitation, workers and farmers have moved to kick out the foreigners and regain control of their land and its resources. The Vietnam war is the U.S. government testing its ability to defend European and American economic investments, like rubber plantations, from being taken back by the people. Goodyear and Firestone have taken further advantage of the Vietnam war to build factories in Thailand where they are protected by 40,000 U.S. military "advisors" who maintain that country's unpopular military dictatorship with guns and bombs. Of course all the big businessmen from Harvey Firestone to Richard Nixon, insist that Vietnam is a war to save democracy rather than a war to defend the interests of a few rich businessmen and plantation owners. This way they con the mass of Americans to support the war with their money and their lives.

And while we pay and die, the rubber companies get richer by producing weapons for the war effort. Goodyear and Uniroyal make deadly devices for spreading chemical and biological warfare agents on civilian populations. Each of the Big Four rakes off a chunk of the \$70 billion defense budget — which amounts to over 60% of the federal taxes we all pay. The rubber companies made over \$350 million in 1969 selling military hardware including munitions for Vietnam.

For the rubber companies, war

means more money. For rubber workers it means inflation and sons and brothers killed in Vietnam and Cambodia.

Information in this article was taken from "The Rubber Barons", published by The Berkeley Rubber Band — a student research collective.



LIBERATION LIBRARY OFF TO A START

The Liberation Library has gotten off to a good start since the last issue of Space City! We've cleaned up the front room of the Space City! at 1217 Wichita and are now beginning the process of building shelves and filing away all the material we have.

The help we've received from brothers and sisters has been great. Someone came by and gave us a really nice rug and a little furniture. Others gave us some lumber and some books. Right on!

We are still in desperate need of help. We have no money what-so-ever and it's hard to do much without it.

We need more furniture — particularly comfortable chairs, desks, files, tables (a kitchen table for our kitchen would be great) and a couch. We could also use some more lumber, particularly big pieces. Contributions of books and literature are always gladly accepted.

Most of all we need people — people who would like to help set up and run the library and people who want to use its resources. The library will be nothing if it does not serve the people.

If you would like to help, have something to donate, or would just like to rap, then contact Doyle Niemann, 1217 Wichita, 526-6257. **POWER TO THE PEOPLE!**

BOLIVIAN GENERALS FEUD BUT

The Spirit of Che Lives



LA PAZ, Bolivia (LNS) — Three Bolivian generals — Ovando, representing a "middle of the road" position, Miranda, a conservative, and Torres, the latest and most "radical" of the three — have been battling one another for control of their country.

In La Paz on Oct. 6, three right-wing military men, selected by the conservative General Miranda to govern his coup, declared themselves to be the legitimate representatives of the people of Bolivia. At the same time "left-wing" general Juan Jose Torres, declared himself to be "President of the Revolutionary Committee of Bolivia," and ordered the bombing of the Presidential Palace. Meanwhile, the man momentarily holding the presidential power, General Alfredo Ovando Candia, resigned and took refuge in the Argentine embassy.

Two days earlier, Miranda had demanded the resignation of Ovando, but Ovando refused and pledged himself to the defense of his "revolution" which had come to power the year before. The next day Ovando declared that a military coup would never oust him, but when the Miranda forces seized army headquarters in La Paz

he fled for asylum, still considering himself to be president. The radio stations stopped reporting news and began playing military marches.

Meanwhile, "left-wing" General Torres appeared, threatening to destroy the Miranda coalition. Backed by some air force generals and student groups, Torres also demanded the resignation of Ovando, who, two months earlier, had expelled him from the post of commander of the armed forces. On Oct. 7, the one-day-old conservative junta surrendered to General Torres when he threatened to attack their headquarters with army and air force units.

While all of this is going on in La Paz, life remains much the same for the rest of Bolivia. In the mining town of Siglo Veinte, miners, mostly Indians, continue to work for 80 cents a day. In the Altiplano, the high Andean plateau where 70% of the population is concentrated, the infant mortality rate remains 40%. Sixty per cent of the children between the ages of one and five have tuberculosis. Silicosis, the miners' disease caused by repeated dust inhalation, afflicts 80% of the workers.

Meanwhile, in large Bolivian cities, Torres' troops look on as armed students and guerrilla fighters of the revolutionary ELN (Ejercito de Liberacion Nacional), founded by Che Guevara in 1966, have taken over police stations, destroyed police files and forced local officials sympathetic to the United States to resign. Women and men with rifles have occupied the offices of the U.S. Information Service in Oruro, a mining town, and Cochabamba, closing down those centers of North American spy and propaganda activity. Popular newspapers in La Paz have been seized by guerrillas and they are now ELN papers published by workers' cooperatives.

As popular revolutionary activity grows stronger, General Torres is reassuring U.S. Gulf Oil Company that he will continue compensation payments of \$78 million. Ovando had promised to pay them when he realized he had made a mistake in expropriating a company with the U.S. Marines behind it. Torres revealed the policies he plans to follow at his first news conference, Oct. 10. On the one hand he says he will nationalize Bolivian banks; on the other hand he will continue to protect Gulf Oil.

General Torres cannot repress the revolutionary activity at this point without jeopardizing his very shaky "leftist" identity, now useful in maintaining support of reform-minded Bolivian nationalists. But the mobilization of students and workers poses a threat to his own position, and helps to step up conditions for mass involvement in a popular revolution.

The revolutionary movement is using this time to educate the people for involvement in intense struggle. As long as Torres, like Miranda and Ovando before him, allows foreign capital to exploit Bolivian people, the quality of life will not change significantly.

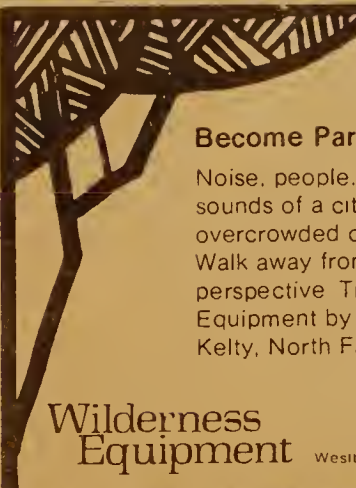
It was "left-wing" Torres and "middle of the road" Ovando who engineered the murder in Bolivia of Latin American revolutionary leader Che Guevara. Now, ironically, radio stations which Torres' soldiers helped students to liberate from Miranda broadcast: "The spirit of Che lives!"

AUSTIN ECONOMY FURNITURE TO BE BOYCOTTED IN HOUSTON

A boycott of Economy Furniture products has been initiated in the Houston area in support of the Austin Chicano Strikers. The strikers are members of Upholsterer's International Union Local 456 affiliated with AFL-CIO. The Economy Furniture management refused to recognize the Union and will not negotiate.

A statewide boycott is now in

effect. The main stores proposed are Montgomery Ward's, White's and Western Auto. The purpose of the boycott is to stop customers from buying at these stores until they discontinue stocking Economy Furniture products. For more information call Leopoldo Hernandez at 926-2735 from 6 pm to 8 pm Mon. through Friday.



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YIPPIE!

WE WILL BUILD AND DEFEND OUR NEW NATION

But we will continue to live and grow. We are young, we have beautiful ideas about the way we should live. We want everyone to control their own life and to care for one another. And we will defend our freedom because we can't live any other way.

We will continue to seize control of our minds and our bodies. We can't do it in their schools, so we'll take them over or create their own. We can't do it in their Army, so we'll keep them from taking our brothers. We can't make it in their jobs, so work only only to survive. We can't relate to each other like they do — our nation is based on cooperation not competition.

We will provide for all that we need to build and defend our nation. We will teach each other the true history of Amerika so that we may learn from the past to survive in the present. We will teach each other the tactics of self-defense. We will provide free health services: birth control and abortions, drug information, medical care, that this society is not providing us with.

We will begin to take control of drug manufacture and distribution, and stop the flow of bad shit. We will make sure that everyone has a decent place to live: we will fight landlords, renovate buildings, live communally, have places for sisters and brothers from out-of-town, and for runaways and freed prisoners. We will set up national and international transportation and communication so that we can be together with our sisters and brothers from different parts of the country and the world. We will fight the unnatural division between cities and country by facilitating travel and communication.

We will end the domination of women by men, and children by adults. The well-being of our nation is the well-being of all peace-loving people.

WE WILL HAVE PEACE

We cannot tolerate attitudes, institutions, and machines whose purpose is the destruction of life, the accumulation of "profit."

Schools and universities are training us for roles in Amerika's empire of endless war. We cannot allow them to use us for the military-industrial profiteers.

Companies that produce waste, poisons, germs, and bombs have no place in this world.

We are living in the capital of the world war being waged against life. We are not good Germans. We who are living in this strategic center of Babylon must make it our strategic center. We can and we must stop the death machine from butchering the planet.

We will shut the motherfucker down!

WE WILL MAKE OUR NEW NATION FIT FOR LIVING THINGS

We will seize Amerika's technology and use it to build a nation based on love and respect for all life.

Our new society is not about the power of a few men but the right of all humans, animals, and plants to play out their natural roles in harmony. We will build our communities to reflect the beauty inside us.

People all over the world are fighting to keep Amerika from turning their countries into parking lots!

WE WILL BE TOGETHER WITH ALL THE TOGETHER PEOPLES OF THE EARTH

Pig Empire is ravaging the globe, but the beautiful people everywhere are fighting back.

New Nation is one with the black, brown, red & yellow nations.

Che said:

"You North Amerikans are very lucky. You live in the middle of the beast. You are fighting the most important fight of all, in the center of the battle. If I had my wish, I would go back with you to North Amerika to fight there. I envy you."

* * *

WE ARE A PEOPLE

We are a new nation.

We believe in life.

And we want to live now.

We want to be alive 24 hours a day.

Nine-to-five Amerika doesn't even live on weekends.

Amerika is a death machine. It is run on and for money whose power determines a society based on war,

racism, sexism, and the destruction of the planet.

Our life-energy is the greatest threat to the machine.

So they're out to stop us.

They have to make us like them.

They cut our hair, ban our music festivals,

put cops and nars in the schools,

put 200,000 of us in jail for smoking flowers,

induct us, housewife us, Easy-Rider murder us.

Amerika has declared war on our New Nation!

—The Yippie Manifesto



by star gibson

"the world is yours, as well as ours, but in the last analysis it is yours. you young people, full of vigour and vitality, are in the bloom of life like the sun at eight or nine in the morning. our hope is placed on you."

mao tse-tung

hello sisters and brothers. i've been rackin' my brain the last few days tryin' to figure out how to say what i want to say. cause it's about revolution. and the word's just used so much lately that i'm afraid it's lost its meaning for lots of people.

but when you talk about the things goin' down in this country today, what better word is there to describe it than revolution? death of the old and birth of the new. for once, third world peoples all over the nation are rising up, and now that freaks are beginning to feel their own oppression, well, some of them (us) are rising up also.

i love people. i love life. but when i see people not even acting like people anymore, who don't even know the meaning of life anymore, what else am i to think but they don't know how to be people? and what's more, they seem to be trying forcefully to keep everyone else from being people. now comes the big decision. i can keep saying peace, love, hare krishna, sat nam, etc., but while i'm saying it, their people-eating disease will continue to spread. and by the time i open my eyes to see if all my prayers were answered, there won't be anyone or anything left to receive the benefit of my prayers.

or i can take that heavy karma upon myself, forget my ego and stand before these life-threats and say "either you stop or you die." yes, i know, it is hard for freaks to accept the thought of violence, seeing as how our whole freak culture was founded on an opposition to violence. it is what brought us together — the realization that there is such a thing as peace, love and non-violence, and it is possible to live under such a code.

but now it has reached a point where we must use violence against violence in order to clear the path for non-violence. 'cause, like, you've sat under that beautiful shady tree of life, and you know it's beautiful — and



yes, i know, i believe in peace and love and all of that. in fact, i believe in it so strongly that i am willing to risk my life to defend it. as che guevera once said, "let me say, at the risk of seeming ridiculous, that the true revolutionary is guided by great feelings of love."

many people tell me, "you can't fight for peace. how absurd! you must love nixon and all those guys and try to turn them on because if you call them names and don't love them you are playing their game, which means you are no better than they are."

well, i honestly feel that i am better than they are, for i would never send young boys to kill innocent people in a country which doesn't even want us. i wouldn't have killed either of the hamptons. i want to live in a world where everyone is equal and material wealth is shared by all. apparently they are against this because they try to stop us when we attempt to live the way we believe.

that's why you're strugglin' — to protect that tree so that you will be able to come back to it one day.

if we don't protect our lives as that tree, they will be destroyed and we will have no children, and what else could that possibly mean?

the blacks and the browns and the reds and the yellows know what this means. and they are getting themselves together so that they can defend themselves and their children to come.

as for us young freaks, well, there's already Youth International Party and White Panther Party and many other local tribes all over the nation uniting the same way the amerikan indians did to fight the white cavalry.

as the vietnamese saying goes: *one or two chopsticks you can break in half, but a bundle of chopsticks cannot as easily be broken.*

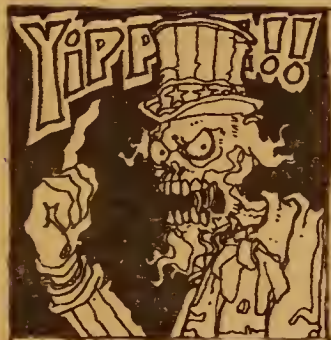
SO LONG, DEATH CULTURE !!!

Cont. from 3

Now if that sounds like a pretty heavy claim to make for a bunch of young people who are mostly groping around trying to find where their heads are at, then we need to remember that we're talking about portents and trends. New cultures don't just suddenly appear fully developed and thriving. They emerge gradually; and they have to fight the old culture at every point of contradiction in order to grow.

At its best — where the new culture is really new — our culture can be defined around several basic points. The new culture thrives on cooperation and cooperative use of resources. It is not competitive nor based on private control of that which belongs to all. And it does not believe that special privileges or the ownership of things should give any group the right to exploit and control any people. It rejects all prejudicial categories of race and sex. It realizes that the promise of full and free individual development can become reality only if no group of persons must carry the millstone of a limiting pre-definition of their potential.

It has overcome the guilt-ridden separation of mind and body. It teaches men and women to exult in their flesh, to know that it is as real as any other aspect of themselves. Nor does it subscribe to the old notion that pleasure is to be always a sought after goal (often removed to some other world) and never presently enjoyed end. It seeks to establish the tradition that nothing can be justified simply because it is tradition, that every practice must prove itself as being conducive to the happiness, development and well-being of all peoples of the planet. It transcends the chauvinism of the state and believes that all cultures have equal right to existence and to a share in the planet's resources.



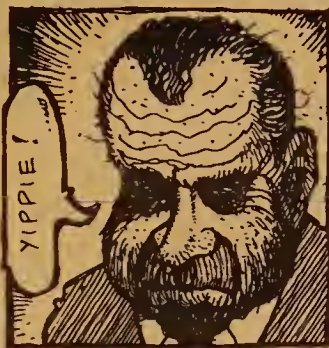
Ultimately, the logical extension of the new culture would soften the hard surface of the Western ego and break down the barriers that separate men and women from each other's love and help. It would eliminate the notion that individual conquest of people and things is the only proof and justification of existence. In its place, it would install the value of the collective good.

This nascent culture is at war with the dying culture. Amerika tries to control the least offensive aspects of new culture by packaging it for purchase and sale. It sows confusion by propagating much false information. And when all else fails, it crushes and jails and kills the oracles of the death culture's death. This is inevitable. The two cultures cannot co-exist. Our new life culture cannot avoid contradicting the Amerikan death culture — and it will not tolerate contradiction.

Already the jails of Amerika are full of prisoners of this war. Tens of thousands rot in cells for the crime of smoking marijuana leaves. Thousands more are sent to prison for ingesting mind-expanding chemicals. Add to this the untold numbers in jail or in exile because they refuse to fight Amerika's imperial wars against other captive peoples. Our new institutions

— papers, radio, restaurants, rock places — face constant harassment and periodic attacks. And when we demonstrate against war and racism we are met with clubs and bullets. Even rock festivals — those usually capitalistic ventures which we consistently have turned into tribal gatherings and temporary liberated zones — have been totally banned everywhere in the country.

As times get heavier, even the "privilege" of having white skin in racist Amerika will not protect us. Just living our own lives with our own culture has proven to be an intolerable threat to the Amerikan death trip. All around the country, brothers and sisters of the new culture are pulling together to act as self-conscious agents to extend and protect our people — to



create the new politics of the new culture.

The name most often used to designate these new groups is "tribe." No other term has quite the right meaning. The word tribe indicates that these are not just clubs or organizations but representatives of a new and distinctive culture. Participation in the tribe is not just a one-a-day-a-week affair; it is a total life and life-style — a lifestyle that can best be described as COMMUNEism, living and loving and sharing together for the good of all.

The time has come for variants of this new culture to spread across the globe. In fact, we live in what is probably the mightiest time in history since our ancestors boogied out of the primeval muckamuck, stood on their hind legs, and used a club to off their dinner. All the marbles are on the table. As everybody knows, conquest technology has done its thing so well that we can now conquer ourselves out of existence. We can kill the planet and everything on it either by the old familiar nuclear route or via the many insidious eco-freakout methods that we discover every day. This capability alone would certainly make this a unique time. But beyond the nightmare lies the dream: the possibility and the challenge of taming this techno-marvel and putting it in the service of all the peoples of the globe.

So its all or nothing, folks. And the life culture must throw itself in on behalf of the all. To seek a world without war, without want, without exploitation of the many by the few.



The first step necessary for bringing in this new age is victory in the war with the death culture. And the chief remaining bastions of that culture are the government and institutions of Amerika. If we were in this struggle alone with the seemingly invincible power of Amerika, the fight might well seem hopeless. But the youth

culture is far from the only antagonist of the death culture. At home and abroad other captive peoples are battling for their liberation.

The truly heroic people of Vietnam have wrestled the behemoth to a standstill. In Latin America, a score of guerilla movements conspire for the overthrow of the Amerikan imperial mantle. And blacks, chicanos and Puerto Ricans carry the struggle to the heartland of honkydom. Even the original Americans, the Indians, have survived the genocidal bloodlust of Western society to rise up again and demand the right of their culture to exist and grow. All these peoples are our natural allies.

The youth culture is particularly indebted to American black culture for its character. The soul of our music is descended from that of blacks. The melancholy refrain of the Mississippi and Texas bluesmen entered the rhythm and blues of the early fifties, flowed through a decade and more of rock and roll and re-emerged as a conscious homage in the Stones and others. The music was of the body and all of our liberation from up tight honky psychology we owe to our black brothers and sisters.

And more than just our music, the education of a whole generation began when a few courageous black students in the South refused to accept their inhuman degradation at the hands of Amerikan society and launched that activist movement out of which all our subsequent political action has flowed. The struggle of blacks is our struggle.

Again it should be emphasized that much of the characterization of the new culture given here refers only to trends, to idealized projections of what is happening in the youth colony. Far too often — either through ignorance or design — persons in the hip community betray the possibilities of the new culture. Wearing long hair and

smoking dope are not in themselves the substance of a liberated culture. Especially not when accompanied by racism or sexism, or when used as a cover for making commodities out of the culture. This pseudo-hip culture often amounts to no more than a gratesque parody of the Amerikan nightmare.

The existence of youth culture is a definitive proof that Amerikan society must be radically changed in order to provide a human existence. Many, if not the majority, of drop-outs into the youth culture were the beneficiaries of the best life the country had to offer. Even if (as is not the case) the present social system could offer these benefits to everyone, the steady de-



sertion of middle-class young testifies that this would not be enough. Amerika would still suck.

Now is the time to start getting our shit together. To build our institutions and to rap to our sisters and brothers when they get caught up in the death trip of the old culture. To draw strength from our numbers and solidarity. To unite with other struggling peoples. And, if necessary, to kick ass to win the right of free development for us and all other peoples of the planet.

— Gary Thiher



At Woodstock or Altamont a woman could be declared uptight or a poor sport if she didn't want to be raped.

— Robin Morgan, "Goodbye to All That."

By Anne Wells

(Note: The author is a Berkeley activist in Women's Liberation.)

During the Conspiracy trial in Chicago, I went to the movie *THE DAMNED* with some White Panthers. *THE DAMNED* was about the rise of the Nazis and the endless horrors that they brought with them. What terrified me the most about Nazi Germany was how women were treated. Women were total slaves, Aryan Breeders for Hitler or brutalized prostitutes.

My first reaction was how important women's liberation is as a force against fascism and for liberation. A cutting edge. It reinforced my making the struggle of women my highest priority. I felt that only women understood what has happened to them in this repressive society and we had to bring that consciousness to the culture that we see everywhere around us. The problem was that we in Women's Liberation are inside hip culture physically but more outside it in our heads. Because there is so little consciousness about the need for women's liberation in hip culture we have chosen to ignore it as an area of struggle.

This brings me back to the conversation with the White Panthers, the Party which in many ways is the vanguard of the cultural revolution. We were talking about the White Panther program, the changes they were going through and their tentative idea of a national central committee. It seemed at the time that the White Panthers were not yet so conscious for the need to free women from their singular oppression as part of their cultural revolution. (Since then there seem to be some fundamental changes going on concerning women.)

It was the combination of *THE DAMNED* and talking to White Panthers who saw themselves as revolutionaries and yet were still so unconscious about the struggle for women's liberation that shocked me into re-examining the role of women in Hip culture. It was a culture that I identified with but that still looked mainly to men to lead it. Despite the drugs, rock 'n roll, and freaky clothes this culture was not very different in its views of women than the pig culture that we are trying to escape and destroy.

First of all youth culture resembles that of fas-

Women And Hip Culture

Revolution for w

cist Amerika because it is a man's culture. Male images dominate. It is a male supremacist, egoistic, individualistic, cult of personality, do your own thing culture. The male of hip culture identifies with the Yippies, Rock groups, Hell's Angels, Leary, White Panthers, and to some extent Weathermen. These male leaders — with the exception of Pun Plamondon (see interview this issue) — talk of revolution but treat women no better than some of the people we're trying to off. Life for women in this hip culture is perfectly described in this view of the Lower East Side by some Weather-people:

"Most of us who went to the East Side wanted to escape the mother role and ended up as Mother Earths. Nothing changed for us there, we tagged after men, played dumb, stupid or afraid while they were macho. But Lower East Side survival demanded cunning and brute force. We slept with many guys, not just one, we could do dope and everything we couldn't do before. But it was forced, we were expected to be beautiful but weak people. In a community where everything was supposed to be free, everything literally "cost you your ass" whether it was turning on or finding a place to crash. Not to fuck was a threat to the communal thing, was unhip. We never did anything from street-fighting to dope-peddling without a man as boss."

— The Rat, Feb. 24-Mar.9.

There are several images that dominate youth culture. One is the rock group which is purely cultural. We also have the new social structure exemplified by the pioneer hippie in his rural commune. And then there are individual men who see themselves as leaders and attempt to politicize the culture such as the Yippies, Leary, John Sinclair and others.

The rock group has the most powerful image

in hip culture so it is then not surprising that the music, and the dynamic that flows from the structure of the rock group sets up a natural division of labor with roles that oppress women in a profound way. All women are essentially groupies whose survival depends on what and how much they can do for the group. Most of which is degrading to women.

Then we have the pioneer hippie who is trying to create new social relationships but who still relies fundamentally on the sexual division of labor or the original pioneers. The women still do most of the cooking, most of the caring for children and most of the day-to-day domestic chores. The man is the builder, provider and decision maker.

The Yippies have in the past acted the role of white, male, aggressive, cult of personality media freaks. They have pushed themselves while they idealize hip culture — at the expense of women who are brutalized both psychologically and physically by the perpetuation of a "Chick", groupie consciousness. The Yippies must now struggle much harder with their people about racism, chauvinism, the corruption and opportunism in the culture, instead of just saying long hairs are great, beautiful, and encouraging them to do what they are already doing — smoking dope, taking acid, talking revolution but not "doing it."

As in straight culture, young hip women do not have control over their lives. The macho, cult of personality dynamic that runs through the youth culture has demanded that all women be defined as Groupies. A few who have made it as entertainers such as Grace Slick, Janis Joplin, Judy Collins, Joan Baez (even racists can dig black entertainers) are soft on men and not in any way a threat to male supremacy in youth culture. The women who went into the Weather Machine came out more like men than the revolutionary feminists they could have been. They took aggressiveness and

STATEMENT OF THE RED STAR SISTERS OF THE WHITE PANTHER PARTY

The Red Star is a universal symbol of COMMUNEism, of living and working together, coming together, a symbol of righteous revolution and love for ALL of humanity. We, the sisters of the White Panther Party, take the Red Star as the symbol of our own liberation, and align ourselves with all oppressed people of the planet.

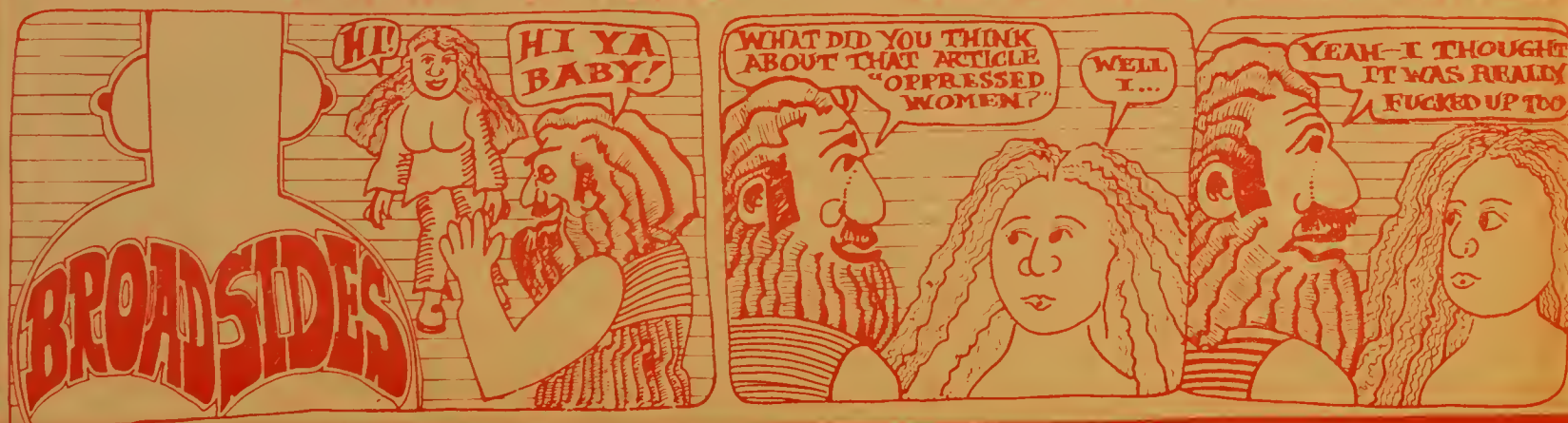
In Vietnam the spirit and determination of the women to free their people is as strong as the men's. In Vietnam, the members of the Vietnam Women's Union tell of how before 1930, before the Party was formed, there were two main tendencies among women's liberation. One tendency was bourgeois, which wanted equal rights with men and opposed the bonds of the feudal family (which were extremely oppressive), but didn't commit themselves to freeing ALL their people. Their aspirations were right, but they didn't see the root of the problem. The constituency of this tendency was mainly women from the cities.

The second tendency was revolutionary, influenced by Marxism-Leninism. These women felt that only through the liberation of ALL the people could they achieve their liberation as women. They worked in many revolutionary groups, and only after the Party was formed did they form a separate women's organization, which then became an anti-imperialist women's organization, not an organization just for the liberation of women. They knew they needed to give women a sense of confidence, and that through revolutionary activity, consciousness is raised to a higher level — through revolutionary struggle people begin to see their own potential as human beings. The Chairman of the Vietnam Women's Union is quoted as saying that making revolution is like going to a celebration; it makes you younger. And she tells of Minh Khai, a recent revolu-

tionary sister, who engraved on her wall in prison, "Revolution is the way to Life." It is through righteous revolutionary struggle to free all the people that each one of us will achieve our liberation, each one of us as individuals, each class, each ethnic minority, each nation, as women, men and youth. We will ALL be free.

We, the Red Star sisters of the White Panther Party, are a cadre of sisters united and dedicated to serving the needs of the people, with a specific purpose of educating and organizing more revolutionary sisters into the White Panther Party. We believe that women cannot be free until ALL the people are free and dedicate our lives to that principle. We believe that male and female are two halves which make up the most powerful whole on the planet, and that united as brothers and sisters we are UNSTOPPABLE! In the past the White Panther Party has been criticized for male chauvinism, and the objective reality shows that there are indeed more men than women in the Party. We recognized that sisters throughout the planet are subjected to specific kinds of sexual oppression in the roles that we have been expected to fulfill, and we are determined to re-discover our true roles as a whole people, as revolutionary women. We, the Red Star Sisters of the White Panther Party, believe that we can deal with this problem within the Party, and are doing so. We call on all revolutionary sisters to unite with us to make the White Panther Party a truly revolutionary Party dedicated to serving all the needs of all the people.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE
POWER TO THE RED STAR SISTERS
REVOLUTION IS THE WAY TO LIFE



Whom ??

macho style from the men and started to break through their own fears and passivity. But macho is weakness, a crutch, a false consciousness about one's ability to create new revolutionary images that are not Butch Cassidy, the Sundance Kid, or Trashman.

The only person who comes to mind when I try to think of that Vietnamese style revolution-ary we should all be trying to be is Jane Alpert, one of the "New York bombers" who is now underground. She does not push herself, she speaks in a very serious way for the need for revolution for women, blacks and Third World People. She is a feminist and a revolutionary. I don't know how much the image that Jane represents is respected in Hip culture but I'm sure there will have to be many more struggles before we make a serious impact on the culture. Women still have to push their sex, their freakiness, their mysterious powers, their sensuality, their intuitiveness, their ability-to-make-a-house-a-home, their availability to do shit work of all kinds but rarely if ever can they display and receive respect for their intellectual and physical power, their politics, their independence and strength as women. Since the time of the first human be-in the woman has been sexually exploited, objectified, and made to believe that her biggest achievement in life can be taking care of her old man or several old men. In hippie communes, yippie politics, and street culture, women have the hippie versions of their roles in straight society.

On the Dick Cavett show not so long ago, Grace Slick, two women from Women's Liberation in New York and Hugh Hefner had a discussion. The WL women were attacking Hugh Hefner for the exploitative nature of the Playboy Bunny which oppresses all women and which also fucks up a lot of men who then are all hung up about finding that air-brushed, touched up, ideal, simple, beautiful woman.

Hefner was saying that he really agreed with Women's Liberation and had a lot to do with liberalizing the culture so that women would have it easier. All he was saying was that he wanted to destroy the puritan morality so that women could and should fuck more men. Such strange bed-fellows . . . then Grace defended Hefner by saying that she thought it was groovy being a sexual object and liked being propositioned. It reminded her that she was desirable. The message was that in order to live like Grace women should develop the sexual part of themselves to acquire some power. What men do not understand about the "sexually liberated" woman is that like the "American Dream" it is a fiction. It is a myth that obscures real power relations. How can we women, subordinate in every other sphere, be free and equal in bed?

In Berkeley we had a women's rally to talk about the issue of pig helicopters and about using the same money for childcare centers for poor people, street people, students and whoever else was in need. It is usually "peace and good vibes" on Sundays with the Berkeley White Panthers organizing bands to play in the park for free. But this Sunday the women almost incited a sex riot. The women who spoke put the street people, freaks, bikers, Hell's Angels, politicians, and some of the sisters with them very uptight. It wasn't so bad until the women started talking about their personal experiences of being ripped off in the

streets, in bed, in meetings and in almost every-place where they have to deal with men alone. They talked about the violence that is directed towards women in what was once People's Park, the People's Park Annex, now in the Haight and on Telegraph. The Women talked about being raped, man-handled, laughed at, intimidated, made to feel helpless without a man to protect them and then forced to avoid the streets because they were just tired of being hassled. The tension and violence that these raps created was shocking for everyone concerned. We hadn't anticipated what was right beneath the male ego when threatened with desertion by women. We did not have any bodyguards for our women (one was attacked) but next time they will be necessary so we can feel even freer to speak about our experience and persuade other women to join us in the revolution within the cultural revolution.

To avoid being brutalized on the streets, (a woman was beaten with chains by two men in broad daylight a block from the People's Office in Berkeley because she refused to respond nicely to their proposition) women not only have to learn to defend themselves, but they must start taking actions that show men that they are together, strong and able to deal with both physical and verbal violence whether it be from hip men or the pigs. There should be women's militias formed to take care of sisters on Telegraph, Haight and other sister streets all over the country.

"Those who savor the grotesqueries of a society in decay may have been lured from the pleasures of

the day, but for us the touted Cultural Revolution looked more like the Nuremberg Rallies, policed by Hitler Youth on acid."

From TOOTH & NAIL, No. 4

Altamont was behind some of the most hellish acid trips that have ever been described to me. Most of the hell happened to women. Mostly to political, sensitive, intelligent women. There was the claustrophobia, being man-handled, attacked everywhere you went in the crowd, having to deal with the heavy machismo of the Hell's Angels, which was often carried to its insane conclusion with the stabbing of a black man to death during Jagger's performance of "Sympathy for the Devil." The pig Hell's Angels gangbanged women, and brutalized hundreds of people, including some of their own. Rolling Stones refused to perform if anyone made an announcement to raise money for the Black Panther Bail Fund. They sang while a Black man was being murdered 25 feet away from them by their "bodyguards" and they wouldn't allow money to be raised for the Black Panthers on the same weekend that Fred Hampton was murdered in his bed in Chicago. The Stones did Brown Sugar, Under my Thumb, Honky Tonk Women, Little Oueenie, Midnight Rambler — all of which degrade women.

Altamont was the end for many people, but it was also the beginning for others. It was such a shock that people felt we needed a revolution in youth culture where now what seemed revolution-

Cont. on 23

Photo by Joseph Woods.



The following is the second part of Leila Khaled's story. Part 1 appeared in the last issue.

Soon after this, things became serious as we began our descent to Lydda. Of course, we had no intention of landing there — that possibility was the one thing that worried us. But we wanted to fly over our enemy's city just to show him we could do it.

"Descend to one-two zero," I told the pilot and the co-pilot chimed in, "You mean twelve thousand feet?" "You know what I mean." So we began the long descent and out of the haze the coast of Palestine gradually grew clearer. "What shall we do when we get to 12,000?" the pilot asked. "Let's have a round twice," I replied and made a swinging gesture with my left hand and the pilot's eyes, as always, followed the grenade; "we want to have a picnic over our land," I said.

Needless to say, my exchanges with Lydda airport were not friendly. The controller was very excited and shouted at me angrily the whole time. Having switched to the Lydda wavelength, I first read a message in Arabic for our people in Occupied Palestine. I tried to speak to the airport tower in Arabic but they wouldn't reply. "TWA 840?" they kept calling, so I responded, "Shut up! This is Popular Front Free Arab Palestine. We will not respond unless you use this call sign. We are coming down. We are landing. Give us space."

I said this just to frighten them, because I don't think the Israelis wanted us to land any more than we wanted to land there. My words seemed to have had the desired effect because Lydda tower shouted back, "Don't come down, don't come down, or else we'll send Mirages to shoot you down."

And I told them: "Here is Free Arab Palestine. What can you do about it? I don't care for my life. This is our land. We want to die over our land. But you will be responsible for the lives of the crew and passengers." (While all this was going on at about 20,000 feet, my friend held the intercom microphone near my mouth so that the passengers could hear the exchange, which couldn't have been very comforting for them.)

There were more threats of Mirages from the ground and when I glanced ahead there they were, two of them, just in front of us. We were still descending, but the captain said to me, "We can't descend any more. It's too dangerous with these Mirages in front." This, evidently, was how the Israelis were trying to prevent us from landing. The co-pilot then asked to speak to Lydda. He explained to them:

"We have to follow her orders and descend or else the aircraft will be blown up. Clear the air. And, don't keep calling TWA 840. This is Popular Front." Perhaps because of his words, the Mirages moved out a little, though they still stayed with us and we descended to 12,000. We then did three big turns over Lydda and Tel Aviv. We were seven minutes in all over Tel Aviv: enough to make our point. My final message to Lydda, just to keep them worrying, was "Bye bye for now, but we are coming back! 17.12 hours. Compass bearing 350°."

I gave the pilot a compass reading for a course due north and he suggested that we climb because we were using up too much fuel at 12,000 feet. I told him to go up to 25,000.

In a very few minutes Haifa was before us — the hump of Mount Carmel, the harbour below it and over to the right the oil tanks and the cement factory with its long plume of white smoke. "This is my city," I told the crew. "Take a good look at it. This is where I was born."

From maps I had a rough idea of the area in which our house stood and I think I identified this area but the city slipped away beneath us much

Leila Khaled:

STORY OF A HIJACKING



too quickly. I felt like asking the pilot to make a turn over my home town so that I could have a better look at it but we were really running low on fuel and every minute counted now.

Just that fleeting glimpse, and a few dim childhood memories are all that link me directly, personally, with my home in Palestine. I was born in April 1944, so I was just under four when my mother, with us eight children, left Haifa some time in March 1948. I remember a staircase: one day there was a man with blood all over his face lying under the stairs. My mother says he died there, one of the victims of the battle for Haifa between the Arabs and the Zionists that was going on all round our house.

My father was away from home, with the Arab fighters, but when he came home, a week before we left, and found that my mother had packed up things to leave he ordered her to unpack everything because we were not going to leave, then or ever.

But the street fighting increased, most of the other women and children left, the Zionists were advancing and they were ordering us to leave over their loudspeakers. Many, many times in the following years we asked our mother why she had left and she would tell us that she was forced to.

Certainly there was a lot of fighting in the nearby streets and she was alone with eight children: the first taxi we sent for was hit and set on fire and I remember there was shooting very close to us as we got into the second taxi. We left in a confused hurry with little more than what we stood up in.

At the last minute, counting her brood of children in the car, my mother found that one was missing, myself. I was hiding under the stairs. I remember not wanting to leave home but my mother teased me by saying that what I didn't want to leave was a box of sugared dates my father had brought us. My mother left with a big bunch of keys because she had carefully locked up everything in the house.

That was how my family became "refugees." But no Palestinian is really a "refugee." We are displaced persons or evictees. For if we were refugees and had found refuge, we would not want to go back to what we had left. Because we didn't leave of our own free will, but were pushed out according to a deliberate Zionist plan, we do want to go back, but haven't been allowed to. This determination to return makes us Palestinians unique among all the "refugees" of the world.

As the plane crossed the frontier

between Israel and Lebanon, the co-pilot, looking rather worried, asked, "Are we going to Beirut?" "That is none of your business," I told him. "We don't have much fuel left, you know," he replied. "I know that, and I also know how to swim, should anything happen."

I, too, was worried about our fuel situation but I also was tremendously excited as we flew over the beautiful blue bay that lies beyond Ras Nakura. On the point opposite the Ras is Tyre which is where we have lived since leaving Palestine. Our apartment is almost on the beach and I thought I could just about pick it out. Little did my mother know that one of her daughters was flying high above her head. I visited her on my last evening in Lebanon and even told her I would be home for dinner. I knew she would be anxious but I had to keep things secret. I had also left the usual farewell letter in case something happened.

I could see the waves breaking on the beach where I had learned to swim. That is how we passed our time. Tyre had no cinemas then and we had no money to go to them even if there had been any. Away to the right, at the head of this splendid bay is what looks like a town but is really a camp for Palestinian refugees, 9,000 in all. For twenty years such camps have been the new homeland of our people.

When we arrived at Tyre we were a family of destitutes and destitutes we remained for ten years. In Haifa my father was not a rich man but we were reasonably comfortable: he was a textile merchant and he also owned a small cafe and rented out a couple of shops. He lost all this, of course; but what was really bad was that, like many others, he got nothing of the money he had in the bank, even though it was a British bank.

There was so much confusion when the Zionists captured Palestine that for several months we had no word of my father and we gave him up for dead: he ended up in Egypt. This was not an unusual occurrence; I know of many families who were scattered like this into the neighboring Arab countries.

My father was a sick man when we saw him again, with blood pressure and a bad heart. But what he was really suffering from was the loss of his home and his work. Again, this was not unusual, I know of several other men of my father's age whose health was broken because their careers were broken. Perhaps he should have struggled on. Many Palestinians have made a success of their new lives and when we do so that too is held against us: "refugees" just can't win.

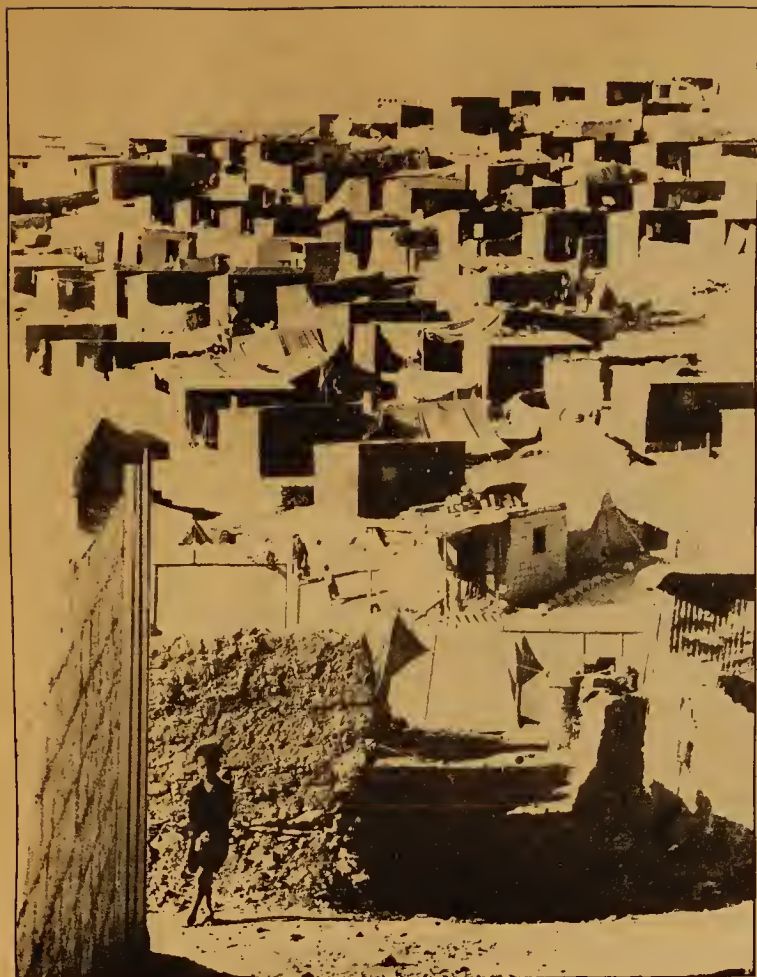
My father was bedridden for the last five years of his life: he died in 1966. Fortunately my mother is originally from Tyre so for the first year we lived with one of her uncles. Then we moved into a two-roomed house in which we lived for the next 16 years, and by that time there were 14 in the family.

Crowded wasn't the word for it. But still, we were luckier than the others living in tents. During the winter storms my friends wouldn't come to school because their tents had been blown down. The small brother of one of my friends was washed away by a flood which tore through the camp.

The only regular cash coming in was a monthly payment to us of 100 Lebanese pounds (\$31.20 dollars) by my mother's uncle which doesn't go far with 14 people.

Also we had to register as refugees with the UN. We received rations from the UN Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA). But UNRWA itself says that it can't afford anything more than a bare subsistence diet of 1,500 calories a day.

But hunger one can learn to bear; what was unbearable was the humiliation of having to stand in line with our



Palestinian refugee camp.

cans and sacks to collect our rations as "bakhshish." We had become beggars, just beggars, with our begging bowls in our hands, except that the alms came from UN and not from individuals. In the photos UNRWA has of ration distribution you will see few adults in the queues. They can't bear to go, so they send the children, as was the case with us. When my sisters began working as school teachers in 1957, UNRWA cut our rations,

which was a blow, but we felt happier for being less dependent.

The best thing UNRWA had done for Palestinians is to provide them with education. I liked school very much, I think we all did, because it was the only place where we could show that we were still human beings and not just a number on a ration roll. I first went to an Anglican school in Tyre and then to an American mission-

ary school in the neighboring town of Sidon on an UNRWA scholarship.

I won another scholarship to the American University of Beirut where I planned to become a pharmacist, which is a good profession for a girl in this part of the world. The scholarship was not sufficient to cover all the costs of living in Beirut and my family couldn't help. So I could only stay a year at the University, and having to leave was the biggest disappointment I've faced so far.

I took a job as a teacher of English in Kuwait and did this for six years. I don't particularly like teaching but I had to start earning in order to help the family. One of my brothers got his degree in engineering and is working in Abu Dhabi in the Arabian Gulf, and another brother, who graduated in business administration, is working in a bank, also in Abu Dhabi.

With all our contributions the family is comfortable once again. We can afford to send one of my younger sisters to the University but, how ironical this is! — she's more interested in becoming a *fedai* (a Palestinian resistance fighter). One of my brothers and I are full-time *fedayeen*.

Many of our Lebanese friends ask my mother, "Do you really want to go back to Haifa after all these years?" And my mother answers, "Yes, I'd go tomorrow. It's true we have had a hard time and now things have become easy: we have a pleasant apartment, enough to eat, funds for the children's education and extras like TV. What is more, I'm a Lebanese from Tyre. So I'm not a stranger, but I'm at home. Lebanon is my country but it is not my place, my place is Haifa."

And my friends ask me whether I want to return to a country I barely knew since I left Palestine as a small child. And my answer is, "Yes," because I too have learned that while I am never a stranger in any Arab country, I can never feel at home.

Lords Demand Puerto Rican Independence

The Young Lords Party is calling for a march and demonstration outside the United Nations in New York City Oct. 30 to demand independence for Puerto Rico and to spotlight the economic and political oppression resulting from U.S. colonial rule. The rally will commemorate the 20th anniversary of the Pro-independence uprisings led by the Puerto Rican Nationalist Party.

The four demands to be presented are: (1) liberate Puerto Rico now, withdraw all military bases and troops from the island and no more Puerto Ricans forced to serve in the U.S. army; (2) free all political prisoners and prisoners of war; (3) end the genocide of all third world people and (4) smash U.S. imperialism.

NYC Chinese Fight Eviction

Some 24 Chinese families who had been evicted from approximately 50 apartments within a three block section of New York City moved back into their apartments Sept. 25 in defiance of the New York Telephone Co. which plans to demolish the buildings and erect structures of its own. The tenants have endured a year of harassment by landlords, including turning off heat and water periodically during the winter prior to eviction. The action was led by the "We Won't Move Out But We Will Move In Committee."

Bloodrock 2



Like the first album, Bloodrock 2 is a reflection of the times. The music says the rest.



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The high power rifle is used for shooting at long distances, where the high velocity and stability of the bullet mean high accuracy. Generally speaking, a high power rifle is not very suitable for use in close quarters such as in most self defense situations. For one thing, it is too powerful; a .30-06 bullet would penetrate the wall of your house and several walls in the neighbors' house before coming to rest. Also, a typical rifle weighs 7½ to 9 pounds, is fairly long, and is unwieldy to handle quickly.

In shooting at longer ranges, however, the rifle comes into its own. Properly designed rifles are capable of extreme accuracy. Snipers in Vietnam are reportedly scoring hits routinely at 500-1000 yards, and often at distances up to a mile.

What Type of Rifle Should You Buy?

The first question is what caliber, or cartridge should the rifle be chambered for. Varmint type cartridges are probably not a good choice because although they are very accurate out to long distances, they don't have enough stopping power at long distances for man-sized targets. The extra power of the magnum cartridges isn't really necessary for use against man-sized targets, so the logical choice is one of the military cartridges. As mentioned, most of these have similar ballistics, but there is a good case to be made for buying a rifle chambered for the .30-06. Ammunition is much more plentiful, and a great variety of commercial ammunition is available. For example, you can buy six different commercial .30-06 cartridges, from 110 grain to 220 grain bullets, plus excellent U.S. Army surplus ammo, as well as armor piercing ammo. In 8 mm Mauser, on the other hand, there is only one type of commercial cartridge available, and much of the military surplus ammo may be corrosive primed. Also, new import restrictions forbid the importation of any more foreign surplus ammo, so that when current stocks get scarce, prices will shoot up. It also makes sense to standardize a caliber among a group of people, so that the same ammunition can be used.

However, you should keep in mind that many rifles for foreign cartridge are cheaper, and their ballistics are nearly identical to the .30-06, provided you have good quality ammunition.

FIREARMS AND SELF-DEFENSE

This article is part of a continuing Space City! series on self-defense (armed and otherwise.)

"Violence" is no longer a relevant question in Houston. It is a fact. Recent acts of official and unofficial armed violence against the Houston left and peoples of color in general have made it a fact.

The only question is what the correct response to this violence should be. Those who are willing to carry their struggle to the highest level, refusing to be intimidated, and those who mean it when they say "by any means necessary" are responding by arming themselves.

We believe strongly in the right of self-defense. We are not advocating that everyone go out tomorrow and buy a gun, but more and more people are making that decision — which is their constitutional right.

Many, if not most, who are responding directly to armed repression have little if any experience with fire-arms, and we believe that the necessary information about gun know-how should be made available to them, hence this series.

People are buying guns for defense, not to shoot each other or innocent people. Only an idiot would buy a gun without learning to use it efficiently and safely.



While there are many different brands of rifles, most good bolt action rifles are either built around the model 1898 Mauser or are copies of this famous rifle. This applies to military rifles such as the U.S. Springfield and Japanese Arisaka as well as to commercial high quality rifles, such as are made by Winchester Remington.

When buying a bolt action rifle you can buy as much rifle as you want, spending as little as \$30 and going up to \$250.

RECOMMENDED TYPES (all prices are for guns in excellent or new condition).

\$50 to \$65: Any of the following military rifles, all .30-06:

Model 1903 Springfield,
Model 1917 Enfield,
Model 1898 Mauser (in caliber .30-06)

These are the best military bolt actions made. Sometimes they are capable of extremely high accuracy, but this is a matter of luck, although all specimens are reasonable accurate. The 1903A3 Springfield has an adjustable rear sight; the others have relatively poor sights. Excellent value for the money.

(Note: Do NOT buy a Springfield rifle made at Springfield arsenal with a serial no. less than 800,000 or one made at Rock Island arsenal with serial no. less than 285,000, because models prior had a brittle receiver, which could crack with dangerous results. The serial number and the arsenal of manufacture are stamped on top of the receiver.)

\$75 to \$125: Lower priced commercial sporting rifles, sporterized Springfield and Mausers. In this price range you will be getting a rifle a little

more accurate, with a stock that is easier to hold for accurate shooting, adjustable sights, and adjustable, lighter trigger pull. Also, it is very easy to mount a telescopic sight on such rifles, whereas to mount a scope on a military rifle requires some machining, that will cost around \$25 in a gun store. So if you plan to mount a scope on a rifle, it may actually be cheaper to buy a sporter or already sporterized military rifle.

\$125 to \$175: Better quality bolt action rifles, such as the Winchester Model 70, Remington Model 700, Browning bolt action, Ruger Model M70. These are very accurate rifles, although cheaper sporters will sometimes match them.

\$100 to \$250: For the ultimate in accuracy, try a Remington .30-06 model 40XB with a heavy barrel — this duplicates the rifle now being used by Marine snipers in Vietnam.

The M-1 carbine is neither a high power rifle nor a handgun — it is in a class all by itself. It is small (5½ pounds), short, semi-automatic, and fires a special cartridge much smaller than the .30-06.

For these reasons it is an excellent weapon for self defense.

While it does not have the power or accuracy for very long range shooting, it is amply powerful and accurate at 100 to 150 yards. Because it is small and short, it can be handled quickly. Another advantage is that it has removable clips, which can hold 30 rounds. You can keep several on hand fully loaded, which gives the carbine a great deal of firepower. Since its sights are similar to a regular rifle, it is a good weapon on which to learn rifle marksmanship.

Good quality U.S. surplus carbine ammo is available for ten cents a round and commercial ammo with soft point bullets is also available. Highly recommended for self defense. Current price is \$90 to \$100 U.S. surplus, plus two commercial versions made by Universal and Plainfield are available.

Next weeks article will cover semi-automatic rifles with greater long-range accuracy than the M-1 carbine.

Women Celebrate In Atlanta *

To concentrate now and extract from the past four days only that which was the women's festival in Atlanta would be an incredibly difficult feat — it would mean viewing the festival in terms of what happened in the park versus what happened with me — an effete mental trip. Ultimately, it seems to have all been the sort of experience that cannot be dissected and analyzed — so I've blown off those old and alien approaches.

Austin to Atlanta managed to take us almost two days — finally greeted in Atlanta on the 10th by a soaking gale of rain. The park where the festival had been all day was damply deserted due to the time and the weather. We didn't get there until 6, but late as we were, we felt more like greatly watched-for reinforcements than late-comers who were just getting in on the last half of the weekend. From what we heard, though, Saturday's going's-on were similar to Sunday's, which I'll get to after a short, but important, tangent — a series of events that shaped the weekend as much as anything else I can think of.

The tangent: almost all late Saturday evening and early Sunday morning there were confrontations between police and the surprisingly large freak

community near the "strip" in Atlanta — from rocks to physical skirmishes to shoot-outs. It was not so much a culmination of any definite long-time brewing trouble, but more a good example of a flash-flood explosion of hippie energy and sometimes-together-against-the-pig-ness.

While this was getting heavy, six sisters left the 12th Gate (a coffee house where many of us were gathered hearing fine women and their music) to get a beer. At the liquor store one of a pair of bikers (remember those movies?) informed one of the Austin sisters that he "wanted" her and then proceeded to push and slap the women around — verbally and physically hassling the sisters... fury/fear/anger/insanity/hatred/dirty motherfucker... never again will I run when that fist comes up to my face.

Two of these women were among that day's and evenings music-makers — and when they returned this time and sang and made music, the sounds had changed considerably. The deep anger swelling from them — around me-within me — was deep-thick-intuitively shared. Every woman there knew each other's anger/frustration. Women wanting to feel physically safe alone and with each other — realizing and FEELING the need to

learn karate and self defense now... never again can we, our sisters run...

Women came together again Sunday in Piedmont Park to show and view women's paintings, handcrafts, photography, quilting, weaving, jewelry, and other forms of art. In the early afternoon there was a karate and self defense demonstration (planned beforehand, but an additional boost following Saturday nite and the bikers) — and several women's lib plays and readings of women's writings.

Somehow, though, sisters weren't feeling together — maybe it was the men (who made the typical comments) or the self-consciousness of women having to deal with being on display, performing — but whatever it was, we couldn't get small group/large group vibes going, until several women from Austin, Chicago, Atlanta and India making music singly and together — directing and reforming and releasing the electricity that had been keeping us somewhat apart and not-as-jolly-as-hoped-for all afternoon.

Gradually, engulfment by the music — rhythms within encircling us — picking up on the words and phrases that were new and familiar because of

our common bond — working women, old, southern, political sisters — us. Songs about us and by us sung with strength and care. We began sharing faces, lives and the great exuberant feeling of knowing each other by singing together — sharing deep feelings and seeing emotions explode in each others eyes.

This vibrant electricity didn't quite stop when the afternoon ended, though. Many of us began to feel a sense of urgency to get things moving in ourselves and our sisters now — to work and think more like this in unstructured non-conferences — more in small rap (not workshop) groups.

Everything is caught together in my mind: the trip there, the bikers, "riots," anti-pig-togetherness, the music and plays — all involving us — people — that means us and everyone else — dig making music and stop performances — break down all those things that have kept us apart.

— Suzi



SHIVA'S :



People are really getting it together at a place Of Our Own, out on University and Kirby. The scene there last week is a good example of what I'm talking about, when Shiva's Headband, Don Sanders, and Big Sweet laid down some good sounds. Things started off heavy; over a thousand people digging on some good hard Big Sweet rock got us going.

Beautiful Don Sanders came out next — telling stories and singing songs like only he can. Although a few spaced-out kids couldn't calm down long enough to pick up on his rap. Don captivated the audience's attention and with some really fine and funny new material he's been trying out recently.

Everybody was feeling good after the first two acts and when Shiva's Headband came on, the energy started flowing strong. People began jumping around, dancing that special Of Our Own boogie that really isn't dancing at all (you see, a dancing license involves a lot of hassles, but as long as we just clap and jump around, its far out — right?)

WOW!

Anyway, Shiva's performance reaffirmed what many people have felt for a long time: that they are one of the best groups around any scene. Probably the best received songs were those from their album on Capitol. (*Take Me To The Mountains*). People were obviously familiar with these songs and could get into it right away. Particularly memorable was Watermelon Highex Susan Perskin's vibrant vocals on the *Homesick Armadillo Blues*, and the Tambourine playing and emceeing of singer-artist-weirdo Jim Franklin. (He's the one who draws all those funny little armadillos.)

The place was so fucking hot that a few people had to leave despite the fantastic vibrations. (This wasn't the first time hip music seekers in our

town have had to sweat for their pleasure.) Armadillo King Franklin had some definite ideas on this controversial topic, which he revealed to us in an exclusive interview. To quote just a small portion:

"I think Houston should do something about their humidity problem. I think before they liberate City Hall, they should march up and down Main Street, north and south, and picket for better weather. Drier weather, a neater, cleaner town would be easily found, if the ground was dry, and if the air was dry — we'd have something to breathe."

The driving force behind Shiva's is the singing and violin playing of Spencer Perskin. He really moves the audience. (We do miss Kenny Parker and his bass, though.)

The highlight of the evening was the last part of their set. Everyone was tired, hot and sweaty from jumping around for several hours. Spence said they were going to have to play their last song, and they went full force into *Take Me To The Mountains*. The people responded by freaking out with newly-found energy.

Rest assured that it didn't end there, however — the crowd just hollered for more. They got it too. *Kaleidoscopic* and *Song For Peace* (in my opinion, the best of Shiva's Headband) finished off the most enjoyable evening I have spent in quite a while.

All of you who haven't been going to Of Our Own can't imagine what you're missing. There's never been a scene in Houston quite like it. After the show, we were rapping with Spence about what went on. "I didn't used to dig it very much at Love Street when people used to just lie down," he said. "They would tell me they dug it afterwards, but you never knew what was happening with people, whether they were asleep, or what, if their toes didn't wiggle. Houston's got a lot more life in it now; I'm glad to see that"

Bass player Mike Hansen summed it up pretty well: "It's really a nice place to play." Come on out to Of Our Own. It really is a nice place to play.

— Jim Shannon

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Hello Houston,

Wow, the last two weeks have been fantastic. The week-end with Buttermilk Bottom and Rabbit came off very well, but this week-end was UNREAL! Over a thousand people turned out each night for Shiva's Headband and Don Sanders. That puts us with about \$2500 in the bank and the utilities are paid. This will enable us to finally bring in some small national acts and see if Houston can dig it.

Here's what's happening

Oct. 30-31 — Halloween Party, featuring DENIM & SOUTH
Nov. 6 — BIG SWEET
Nov. 7 — FREE NIGHT We plan on being open free each night of a major concert.
Nov. 13-14 — SATURNALIA & ST. LAUFREN
Nov. 20-21 — JOSEFUS & WOLFGANG
Nov. 22 — AMBOY DUKES
Nov. 28-29 — MC5

Come on out and get into Of Our Own —

Mike

OPEN MY THIRD EYE, MAMA

By Jim Shannon

Don Sanders has been around Houston for quite a while, singing songs, telling stories, making people laugh and making people feel good. Every time I hear him play I come away impressed by his feeling for people, by the way he entertains and communicates with us. It was really good to see him out at Of Our Own this past weekend, especially since he is going to split town for a while.

We went back and talked to Don after the Saturday night show — about folk songs, and folk humor, and record companies and all sorts of other weird things. We thought you might be interested in hearing some of the things he had to say.

Space City!: Why don't you basically tell us some things about yourself? You went to school here in Houston, right?

Don: I went to high school and college, and graduated from the University of Houston with a B.A. in philosophy in '65. I worked for about three months after that at a freight company or a trucking company and then started working kinda full time as a musician, making what little living I make, and I've been doing that ever since.

Last year, I went to Spain and came back and felt fairly clear for the first time. I relaxed for the first time since I'd gotten out of college, and I started thinking about what I really wanted to do, and felt like I was getting old and it was time to do it. I decided to build on tradition, on what I knew about, and what I could learn about, and I came upon the idea. I'm not sure how, except one night I came up with the idea of trying to do folk tales, about life that we're going through today, or things similar to folk tales, and interspersing them with songs that were related in an abstract way that would hopefully look at the same subject from just a little bit different point of view.

And these things would come together in people's minds, hopefully, if they listened to them three or four times, and help them sort some things out, and be meaningful stories and songs they'd enjoy and be able to use in learning something about life. It's like you can use Dickens, or somebody like that.

Space City!: You've changed quite a bit musically since you started out five years ago. What kind of changes have you gone through?

Don: I was strictly trying to be a traditional folk singer and an entertainer too in that kind of '60's folk entertainer bag. But I tried to stick with traditional music of all sorts. And it was good — it was a good experience for me — but it just wasn't all of me that I wanted to show.

After that, I got married and I had to be more of an entertainer because I had to make money. I played some nightclubs, and I wore a tuxedo for a while, did some musical comedy songs, and got very depressed. I got unmarried, and started going towards what I figured out this spring — about the folk tales — and started trying to figure out what to do.

Space City!: You've been billed as a folk humorist, and compared in certain ways to Mark Twain, with these tales you're laying down. Do you see yourself going off into the folk humor bag, and becoming less of a musician per se?

Don: Not totally. That was the point of using songs and stories: to utilize myself. I feel like I can call myself a musician. I can call myself a singer, but like I'm more than that, and if I fit myself into one of those categories — folk singer, singer, crooner, or comedian . . . what do you do when you are a comedian? Except play night clubs and do shitty things. Like, how can you be settled in a nightclub, you know, when all they want is some very obvious jokes so that they can laugh? Because they're grownups, and that's what they grew up with.

So I tried to find something that would express myself. The tales to me are very, very important. Both of them entail a great deal of work, because they're highly symbolic. I spend a great deal of time writing and reworking the songs and stories. I love the stories an awful lot. I eventually hope to write some stories for publication, besides just stories to be told.



I was down at the sportin' house the other night,
Peepin' through the two way mirror
When President Nixon walked into view
Stripped to his bare posterior.
He was telling a lady in a black leather mask
He'd a most unusual favor to ask.
He said, "I've heard that you are a spiritual girl,
So help me please now won't ya.
And open my third eye, mama, I want to be enlightened tonight.
And open my third eye, mama, I really am uptight.
Billy Graham prayed at my inauguration, I'm afraid God'll
think Billy's leadin' this nation,
So open my third eye, mama, I want to be enlightened tonight."

— Don Sanders

Space City!: Before you went to Spain, I thought you were going to write a book.

Don: I started on it, and wrote a short story, and realized it was going to be a while before I could write the book. The stories are going towards that in some respects, and a book is really a big project. You see, like there's a whole realm of values that I think are forgotten about in the United States today because we're in the world of "popular culture". Most people say, "Well, you can write a book, great, you've written some short stories."

Well, I unfortunately believed what some of my academic professors, who I considered some very fine men, impressed upon me. That there are values, and there are classics . . . and that the goal is to further art for mankind. So all I'm saying is — I wasn't satisfied to just turn out a book. To me, it's kind of a monumental project to turn out a book, and there's no sense in writing another piece of shit to be consumed and bought, like consumption art, or like consumer art these days. There's just thousands of record albums and thousands of books that could have been put down in ten pages.

Space City!: Are you going to do an album?

Don: Well, I went to Nashville last week — to talk to Elektra — and all I know is that the tapes are in L.A. being listened to by some people. I have no illusions about getting into the popular culture very quickly. If no major company will put me out on my terms of wanting to hang onto my songs, then we'll put one out ourselves in the spring. It won't be big, it'll be underground, and people can have it and have those stories and play them back. We'll do a story and song thing, a couple of them written especially for the record.

Space City!: It must be pretty weird. You're trying to relate to music and the people who own the music are trying to relate to money.

Don: Yeah, well, they're businessmen and they figure that it's a joint venture but that they should get more out of it because they're putting money

in — which I kinda understand their point, but I think they're all fucked up. I think they're crazy. I think they're madmen, and I think they have no relation to art. They want money, they gotta have money, and they want it to sell, and they want it to be gone in six months so you can sell another one.

Space City!: Where do you see yourself going from here?

Don: We're moving to San Francisco, or that area, next week, and what I'm trying to do now is like I'm going around to colleges, little colleges. I'm going to the student activities office and I'm saying, "listen to me," and they bring in some people and they listen to me, and it's together, the story/song bag. I say, "I'll do a little concert for very cheap," and I think they're buying it.

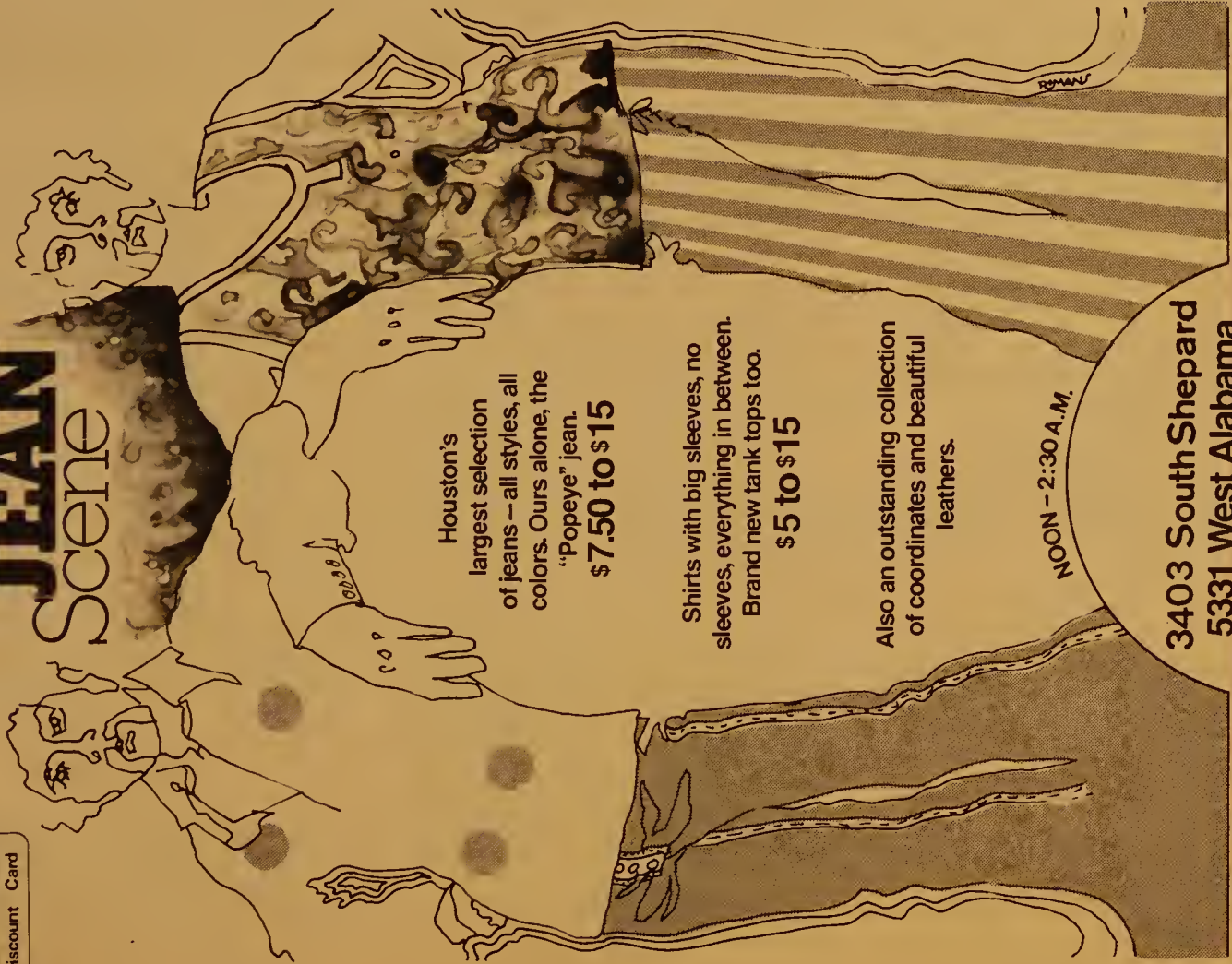
A couple of them have agreed to take it in Texas, and I'm going to try it up and down from San Francisco to Washington, and try and support myself that way for the next year, and get enough money together to put out a record. I don't care about being poor, I don't care about making a lot of money. I know I'm going to stay alive doing what I'm doing for the rest of my life, because I'm an artist and I believe totally in what I'm doing and I know other people believe in what I'm doing. They're going to support me, and I'm going to be able to eat and keep doing what I like doing, which is creating art. That's what the point is to me.

* * * *

It looks like Don is going to be on the road for a while, and people in Houston will surely miss him. He said he hopes to return sometime around next April, but people should get ready for a few Sanders-less months. You still have one more chance, however. You can catch his act at the coffee house out at UH this Saturday night, Oct. 31. Also Pacifica had some of his tapes scheduled before they were bombed off the air, so listen for those once the station gets going again.



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Our Heritage (SIGH...)

You could look at this as the preface to a continuing series known as "who's who in the Houston music scene," or "is it more fun to starve in Houston or in California." This first article will look at the history of the Houston music scene and why it is like it is. The following articles will take an in-depth look at Houston's bands, their music, the places they play and the problems they face.

I guess you would have to say that the scene here started with Houston's first club, La Maison, in 1964. Coliseum gigs such as the Beatles and the Rolling Stones had taken place, but the local scene needed a place to happen and La Maison, in the basement of Jubilee Hall, was it.

The main groups to play there were Euphoria, the 13th Floor Elevators and the Lost and Found. Things were just beginning to happen in Houston and La Maison was a focal point. Because of the newness of what was going on, La Maison could be considered the most high-powered of all of Houston's clubs. Things went well until the Houston police finally snapped to what was going on and then the place was busted and closed. A lot of you probably remember those front-page headlines crying out against the moral deterioration of Houston's young people.

The Living Eye was an attempt to replace La Maison. The Elevators played there quite a bit and at one time the Fever Tree was the house band. However the place was run pretty sloppy and when the scene moved to Allen's Landing, the club was closed. By then attendance was pretty low anyway since the Elevators and the Fever Tree had stopped gigging there.

Old Catacombs was originally opened as a private "teen club" for the "youth" of Bellaire. It quickly embodied everything that is connected with the term "teeny-bopper." Richard Ames and Bob Cope ran the place, aimed it at a teen-age market and were quite successful. So successful they decided to move to a larger building in the village. This quickly closed because they booked really heavy acts and tried to sell them to teeny-bopper audiences. The teeny-boppers didn't like the bands and wouldn't come and the heads didn't like the teeny-bopper atmosphere and wouldn't come. Caught between a rock and a hard place, the Catacombs closed in about a year. The building has since been taken over by the community and is now operating as Of Our Own, but we'll get into that later.

Love Street was opened in 1967 by David Addicks, a Houston artist. It incorporated many new ideas, at least new for Houston. The audience sat at tables or lay in the Zonk-Out, a series of cushions with back rests. The newest thing of all was that it had a light show. In 1968 Addicks sold out to Cliff Carlin who ran it till it closed in 1970. In the meantime it was bought by International Artists Recording Co. and was used mainly as a showcase for their groups. The most noteworthy groups that played Love Street were Johnny Winter's group, the Children, Bubble Puppy, Shiva's Headband, and two groups mentioned earlier, Fever Tree and the Elevators. The entertainment was usually good, but the club was small and the format never changed. By early summer of 1970 Love Street also closed.

Milby Park was started a couple of years ago as a city-sponsored place for bands to play for free. It was and still is open every Sunday. It's a real nice

place to be on a Sunday afternoon and I wholeheartedly support it. But it just might be a plot by the city to keep us wierdos out of Hermann Park so we don't shock the picnickers.

The most notable groups from the park are Josefus, Ginger Valley, Wichita and Saturnalia. The present word on Milby is that if you don't get off your asses and write letters to City Hall saying you dig the park, it may be closed permanently to live music.

Of Our Own is the only club now open in Houston and it's quite a bit different from the others. It's non-profit and open during the week for community functions. The emphasis isn't on a slick format, but on people's participation. The groups are local such as Shiva's Head Band, Saturnalia and Denim, but they say they will also have national groups in the future.

The club may have a future if the people get behind it, but that's a big "if." It has the possibilities of being a bigger focal point than La Maison ever was, but it's all up to those individuals out there that make up the Houston community.

Well, that's roughly how the scene here has progressed (or regressed depending on how you look at it). So now let's try to figure out why things have gone this way.

When things first got started here the groups were not trying to be slick or technically perfect. They were trying to relate to their audience. They were trying to be part of the people, not an entertainment package. But around 1968, this began to change. The Elevators are a prime example of this and by following their career you can follow the Houston scene through the years. Because of this, we'll get into them next issue, but for now, back to the reasons things aren't together.

Around 1968, COMMERCIALISM entered the scene. "Psychedelic" music was no longer the property of our sub-culture. It was packaged and typed and sold to the whole country. When this happened, bands that played for the people just stopped being born. Bands weren't really new any more or original because by this time the mass media had got hip to "hip" and spelled it out in black and white. Bands no longer blazed their own paths through music, but followed roughly-set guidelines to the great god, HIP. The audiences helped this to happen by going to concerts and listening to records and then, after finding out what was "hip," they wouldn't support hardly anything that didn't travel in this general direction.

The bands that were trying to be original quickly found out that the audience not only didn't appreciate them, but actually didn't want them to be original. In music, as in anything else, mediocrity quickly follows commercialism.

People, that is, musicians, stopped playing for fun and concentrated on technicality, like learning the latest Clapton lick, or the drum solo off of "In a Gadda Da Vita." They had to. It was what the audiences wanted.

What people don't realize is that in order to have a scene, you don't try to copy somebody else's scene, you get your own thing going — like Detroit did with MC5 and the Stooges or Denver with Zephyr and Flash Cadillac. People are always talking about Houston being just a few years

behind California, "and sooner or later we'll catch up." To hell with that, we shouldn't be ahead or behind. We ought to get ourselves together and do our own thing right now and right here.

Musicians don't even play together. Each group is too busy polishing its own little package to get involved with what the others are doing. This alone ought to show you where they are at.

Other things have hurt, too. There isn't a recording studio in this city that can do anything for a band and they know it. That's why Texas lost the Elevators, Johnny Winter, Janis

Joplin and Bubble Puppy. Another thing is that there is no real urban center here, no "strip." The people in this city are too spread out. Of Our Own is in the Village and it has good potential, so maybe this problem could be solved, but I doubt it.

It all boils down to the fact that the audiences aren't behind the local bands so the local bands aren't behind the audiences. The reason: nobody's behind Houston. If we're going to have a scene here we've got to work for it by showing our groups that we care and by blowing off the idea of "splitting to Cal" because that's where it's at." Let's all work together and make our scene and then maybe people from Cal' will start "splitting to Houston 'cause that's where it's at."

— Allen Box (writer) & Orphan Egg (technical consultant)

(Next issue we'll follow the growth and eventual destruction of one of the world's true "major" bands, the 13th Floor Elevators.)

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ADVICE TO DOPEB

For those of you who noticed, I was absent the past two issues owing to a trip out of town. I thought I was going to get rich managing a construction company, but the boss was a small time con man, so I'm back — broke but happy.

I would like to remind you all that Advice to Dopers is intended as an information organ: answers to *your* questions. Mail has dwindled to one letter or so a week, and I hate to make up questions. I would like to fill the column with articles expressing my opinion on various things, but then it would no longer be a dope column, nor do I think the Collective would like my "cool it" attitude. So, it's up to you. Letters can be anything: hints, advice, questions, poetry. I print virtually all of them, and comment where I can. Thanks. — Brian

*When I go to bed at night
I just got one prayer . . .
Sun come up tomorrow, Lord
Don't let me be there
Ain't no use in tryin'
When there's nothing left to lose
Got the heroin blues . . .*

Q: Dear Brian Grant:

I don't know if you would really consider my letter as a drawn-out question or a *needing* plea for helpful advice. I'm familiar with your answers in Space City! and thought I'd give it a try and see if I could seek help from you. I've been hung-up, strung-out, tripped out on all kinds of drugs, and finally I've gotten "hooked" on the worst of all — "STUFF" (heroin). I've got a HELL of a habit and I've quit even trying to fool myself and others saying I don't. I've tried kicking and succeeded but always winding right back where I started (once a dope addict always one — is it really true? I'm kind of a lucky chick though — I've always seemed to be able to get a drug (pill) by the name of dolaphine (if you're familiar with heroin addicts you most likely know what it is) to help. kick. But even they go to waste cuz I end up right back fixing.

If you've ever even had a "yen" you can imagine what a damn habit is like, especially a bad one. I want to kick and get away from it for a good while. But it seems I find myself unoccupied, doing nothing, and ending up scoring. Can you give me some advice as to how I can solve or at least half way solve my problem. Other drugs can't be the likely answer, cuz they're not competeable with heroin. I try to keep occupied but I loose things to do. Can you *HELP* me?

Susan

A: To begin with, it is quite possible to kick a heroin habit and stay off. For many people this involves the adoption of a new framework for the meaning of things: religion, the movement or what have you.

I know a guy who kicked junk simply by moving to a new town: no connections and no smackhead friends, so he HAD to quit.

There has been talk of a methadone program for Houston, but it will probably be slow to materialize.

Your letter indicates that you understand the relationship between boredom and resorting to the spike. If keeping busy and finding friends who will support you against the temptation will help, why not get involved in Of Our Own, the Food Coop, the University of Thought or something similar? Also, the staff at Inlet is there to help you; they are strictly cool and can help a lot when you need somebody who cares.

If things get worse for you, leave your number for me at Inlet or Space City and I'll get in touch with you personally.

Q: What is the best grass in the world? How does Vietnamese rate?

A: There are several locations famed for potent marijuana. In the Americas, Acapulco Gold and Panama Red have long been famous. Weed from Colombia or Central America is uniformly good, and dynamite weed is frequently grown in central eastern Mexico.

But the most potent of all is the European variety grown from the Middle East to Africa. Kief is generally so potent that it must be blended with tobacco prior to using. Supreme in all the world is the Nup ganja from the foothills of the Himalayas in Nepal. Nup is never exported, being exclusively reserved for the priests and peasants of this area.

Although the climate, sunfall, dryness at maturity and soil chemistry are all important, and while cultivation: antipollination, cropping and timing of the harvest, is crucial; the largest factor is actually genetic. Seeds from a potent strain of grass are much better in the second generation than lesser seeds grown in the same place.

When grass is legal, the commercial types will doubtless find a way to breed a super diploid hybrid cannabis plant more potent than anything that exists today . . . unless, of course, our watchful government limits sale of grass to a marijuana analogy of 3.2 beer . . .

Q: How do you cure grass?

A: I've been over this before, but in brief: the most popular method is to simply sprinkle a little wine into the baggies — just enough to diffuse through the lid. Too much liquid will cause mildew. I know one guy who gets his grass thoroughly damp with cognac, then places it in the refrigerator for a week. Then he takes it out and lets it get fairly dry again before storing. There are numerous variants. I like a little mint, finely chopped and mixed into the grass. I have smoked grass with almond extract, peppermint extract, powdered incense, comfree, rum and even sweet basil added.

The idea is to moisturize the weed so it will burn slower, cooler and more evenly; while also enhancing the flavor and fragrance of the smoke. I would appreciate hearing from readers who have a pet recipe for curing dope.

(Send your dopey questions to Brian Grant, c/o Space City!, 1217 Wichita, Houston 77004.)

AMBOY DUKES



Oct 30-31 — Halloween Party,
featuring DENIM & SOUTH

Nov 6 — BIG SWEET

Nov 7 — FREE NIGHT

Nov 13-14 — SATURNALIA & ST. LAUFREN



Nov 20-21 — JOSEPHUS & WOLFGANG

Nov 22 — AMBOY DUKES

Nov 28-29 — MC5

Every Tuesday, 7:30 pm — TOWN HALL!

UNIVERSITY AT KIRBY

WOMEN & HIP...

Cont. from 13

ary in the culture was just the trappings but not the substance. To see the shit in the culture after so many had idealized it after Woodstock was so heavy for us that we knew as women we could not struggle against acts of violence towards women and the unconscious ideology of male supremacy in the culture we would be creating a situation where we would be ripped off more and more by our "own" people.

People are beginning to see that we have to be able to take care of our own people, those people who are struggling to change the fucked up human relationships we've developed in this decadent Babylon. What Huey Newton said about blacks is true also for women: an unarmed people are subject to slavery at any moment. We have to be able to mete out revolutionary justice to our own pigs such as the Hell's Angels, pimps, narcs and agents. We have to protect our men, women and children from being brutalized and fucked over by counter-revolutionaries, hip capitalists, cultural nationalists and other pig types. If we scorn any semblance of revolutionary organization and discipline, we will have no capacity for resistance.

Women cannot work within a culture that is male supremacist anymore than we can work within the system that we have to destroy. It was claimed that women should work with or take

over the Conspiracy. But taking over from the media freaks is a losing game as you just get devoured by their concerns politics and paranoia, and you lose sight of a real movement to fight for women.

Women should desert the woman-as-slave-extension-wife-girlfriend-invisible & nothing else role in the culture. Women cannot work within a male supremacist culture to change it. The culture must be struggled with and attacked from an autonomous women's movement, and if it does not change it will have to be destroyed. There will not be a revolution of women being a primary struggle.

We can't let decadent, chauvinist men parasitically take the energy of women and transform that into personal power and glorification. We must be the ones who help transform the culture/movement into a collective community where we are all doing shit work and we are all doing heavy work and are with the people, not behind them or way out in front of them. We must destroy the elitism which is rampant in the culture. When people are getting to the point where they are risking their lives they are not going to die for a movement that treats them as inferior either because of the shit work they are doing or because of their sex.

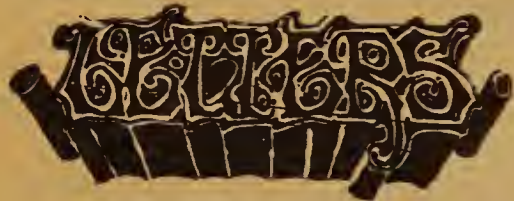
That means that women must be working to free Bobby Seale as well as their own, White Panthers and Yippies have to struggle around the oppression of women in the culture as well as around dope oppression and the freeing of John Sinclair, freaks have to be struggling against the racism in the hip

community as well as liberating new space for parks and vegetable gardens, and we all have to stop American imperialism in Vietnam and the rest of the world.

Leadership in this culture is male supremacist. It is not yet revolutionary. With the exception of some good statements by Eldridge, Bobby Seale and Pun Plamondon, the question of women's liberation has not been taken at all seriously. To lead people doesn't mean that you stand still, say everything's great and act like a cheerleader. You also try to deal with the shit in the culture and make people stronger, tougher and more willing to take risks to advance the level of struggle. You don't keep pushing the good things that are taken for granted — i.e., dope, fucking, music — to insure your popularity but instead tell people to maybe stop tripping out so much and work harder to free Bobby Seale. Racism IS worse than the oppression that comes with middle class suburbia. The cultural revolution is profoundly ridden with bourgeois individualist hangups that hold us back.

Women have to move together to overthrow old decadent brutal forms of leadership. Women will not fight for a revolution that does not include the abolition of male privilege along with white skin and middle-and-upper class privileges. We must create new images. Those of the Vietnamese and Cubans are not enough in our situation. No more images of macho males, but images of a strong dedicated revolutionary person who works collectively to build a movement that will help to bring the empire down and at the same time be creating the style and form of the new society.

—Sundance



Cont. from 2

paint that can only be seen under a certain kind of light called "copherscent." The reason I know this is because my dog, Number Three, was a police dog but he knows how to talk (pretty smart for a police dog). He won't move his nose when you turn the page though.

I tried to think of something to do about it, but I couldn't think, so I want somebody to come up with an idea so I'll know what to do.

Goodbye,
Greg Gessner
Houston

New Party Has Possibilities

Dear Space City!,

I agree with what Mike Heinrichs said in his article about the New Party, that it is pretty much a mickey-mouse party for the middle-aged. But I'm wondering whether "us kids" really do have "more important things to do," than join up with the New Party. Mickey-mouse indeed — but if young radicals do not get in with this party, what alternative is there to becoming

a fink Liberal Democrat on the one hand or a violence-tripper with a short life expectancy on the other?

When I began reading Mike's article I hoped he would give an answer to this question, but he did not. Can the Collective or any of your readers attempt an answer? I'm in no hurry to wash up and shine my shoes and talk vague generalities with a lot of freaky old people who think they are hot stuff — but at the same time I dislike typical liberals in the Democratic party. But I am scared and distrustful of the Weatherman faction, too.

If any of you can suggest something more hopeful than the New Party, tell us! Meanwhile, it occurs to me that the New Party is young and has as much possibility for being taken over by revolutionaries as by old Liberals, in the future. So maybe if all the hippies joined it, en masse (after it is legally on the ballot), we could make it swing with more force than any goddamn bomb.

Write In!
Jeff Williams
Houston

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ROLES

SHA NA NA — NY R&R Ensemble. Holtheinz Pavillion, UH, Dec. 4. All tickets reserved, available at all Disc Record Shops. \$3 Public.

TSU TORNADOS & SHIVA'S HEADBAND—UH Dance, Friday, October 30, 8:00 p.m. UC/Houston Rev'm. Free.

ERIC CLAPTON, Music Hall, Nov. 7, 8:00 pm. Tickets \$6-5-4, at Brook Mays.

EVERYDAY PEOPLE—Thurs, Fri, & Sat, Oct. 29-31, Cougar Den, 2125 Cullen Blvd. .50 Cover Charge.

BLUE GRASS—Oct. 5-7, Cougar Den, 2125 Cullen Blvd., .50 Cover.

LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS & BLUE STAR BAND, Sat. Oct. 31, Family Hand. Halloween Costume Ball—You *Must* have a costume to get in. \$1.00 Cover Charge.

LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS & DON SANDERS at the Family Hand, Fri., Oct. 30.

BENEFIT for Community Health sponsored by Organization for Community Health Services. Bands: Sound Investment, Rick Stein from "The Tattooed Lady" & Others. Mon. Nov. 9, 8-12. \$1.25 Donation. OF OUR OWN—Univ. & Kirby.

UH Coffee House, JOHN CARRICK, Fri, Oct. 30—
DON SANDERS & MAGIC ACT, Sat, Oct. 31.
JOHN CARRICK, Sun., Nov. 1
SUSAN CLARK & JOHN HENRY
Friday, Nov. 6th.
SUSAN CLARK & PAUL COLBERT
Sat, Nov. 7.
PAUL COLBERT, Sun., Nov. 8th.
.50 Students, SI Public.

of our own-see p. 22

numbers

Inlet Drug Crisis	526-7925	Voice of HOPE	228-0714
Univ of Thought	526-1829	Family Hand	528-8306
ACLU	524-5925	Draft Counseling	526-0030
Space City!	526-6257	Of Our Own	526-6996
Switchboard	522-9769	KXYZ-FM	748-3980
Pacific Radio	224-4000	KLOL-FM	222-8103
VD Clinic	222-4201	Little Red	
Problem Pregnancy	523-5354	School House	526-6258
Planned Parenthood	523-7419	Papel Chicano	928-2185
		Harriet Tubman	
MAYO	226-9963	Brigade	526-6257



People who give info to SPACE IN: Send in or call in your news/public service blurb to Switchboard at 2909 Brazos, 522-9769 so they can spread the word too!

INS-OUTS

Harriet Tubman Brigade, radical women's liberation group, 526-6257.

AABL—Political Education Class (Blacks Only). Every Thurs. 4 p.m.—Afro-American Studies. Lounge—dd Psychology Bldg.

FILMS

Rice University's CINEMA—REVOLUTION—AMERICAN DREAM. We invite any local films to be shown at 7:30 pm. Please call 522-7997 Thursday of the showing.

Oct. 31—SCORPIO RISING (Kenneth Anger)
EAST OF EDEN (Elia Kazan)

Nov. 6—NIGHT MAIL (Watt & Wright)
THE RIVER (Lorentz)
THE THINGS I CANNOT CHANGE (Ballentine)
LONELY BOY (Canadian Film Board)
SONG OF CEYLON (Wright)

Nov. 7—ICE (Robt. Kramer)
KENT STATE NEWSREEL

Nov. 13—SNOW
THE MOONTRAP (Brault)
THE NEW BREED (Leacock).
THREE DOMESTICS (Marshall)

Nov. 14—THE SPANISH EARTH (Joris Ivens)
GUERNICA (Alain Resnais)

THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET—An award-winning look at people caught in WWII. 8:00 Thurs, Oct. 29, UH Houston Room. Free.

"VOICES OF HUMANISM" Espiritu Institute Film Series. Wednesdays, 7:30, Library Auditorium, UH. For tickets call 528-3301

FOOD CO-OP HAS MOVED TO A WAREHOUSE BEHIND TEXAS ART SUPPLY ON MONTROSE. NO PHONE NOW,

There will be a fund-raising bazaar to support the legal defense of the "MAYO 9" (who were convicted of disorderly conduct during a melee at the HISD Administration Bldg. Sept. 14) on Sunday, Nov. 1 at 4 pm at Wesley House, 1410 Lee. There will be food (a mole dinner & beer), games, music, and prizes. Speakers will be Yolanda Birdwell and Greg Salazar of MAYO, Lionel Castillo, and Raul Gutierrez of Barrios Unidos. Tickets \$2 at the door.

Kate Millet, author of "Sexual Politics" will speak at the Rice Memorial Center at 8:00 pm, Nov. 6. Tickets—\$2 Public, \$1 Students.

J.W.—Would like to talk to you sometime, when you're through fasting? I dig you. Suzi

To Rent — Call Vicki — She's got a message from Mark, Dennis, Yvonne & Mother — We all love you—Mother wants to hear from you, you are not in trouble. — Vicki, Dodd, Mari & Many & Yvonne all miss you —take care of yourself.

GOING TO CANADA TO AVOID THE DRAFT? You should read the new Oct. 70 edition of "Immigration to Canada and Its Relation to the Draft & the Military." Single copies FREE from the Montreal Council to Aid War Resisters, Case Postale 5, Succursale Westmount, Montreal 215, Quebec, Canada.

Wanted: 45 rpm records—Oldies — Any label or artist. Will pay .10 to .25 each. 644-9674.

Playboys for sale, 1962-1970. .50 ea. Playboy binders \$2 ea. Holds 6 issues. 668-4536.

1964 Econoline Van — Clutch slips, but runs. \$275. Call Jack 529-5536.

Want to Sell, 1 Remington 12 ga, \$90. 1 Remington 22, \$40. New. NA 2-5985.

Please Call. Two chicks need job as soon as possible. Ask for Kay or Ronda at 921-7734 or 926-2372.

For Sale: Gibson Melody Maker, \$75; Acoustic Guitar w/ case, \$15; Recorder (Flute) \$10; Call Kevin at 723-7324.

Space City! jocks need a volleyball in order to practice for the December Red Coyote Tribal Volleyball Tournament. If you have a spare one, please call us at 526-6257 or bring it by the office and play with us.

I've never been to Texas and am really curious what the "hip scene" is like. Wish correspondence, Donald Altschiller, Gershwin B11C SUNY at Stony Brook, Stony Brook, N.Y. 11790.

Janis, you were starved for love, but livin' lovin' hurts. You tasted god with Jimi, and you got your just desserts.

Where's Doug Tull? Jim Martindale 748-6600 Ext. 8135.

Double bedspread made with real squirrel & edged in brown velvet—\$10. Also red flowered Persian rug—\$15. 665-6994.

Small shop spaces available in "Buffalo Bayou Flea Mart"—120 Milam. Don, Country Store—223-0268/ Bart 227-2701.

Dewitt Standard and Bill Eubanks please call Ron at 522-5249. Have Bill's pants and propose a visit to Earl's.

BRAND NEW ORGANIZATION! — People are getting together to seek political solutions to the problems of Houston's hospitals, drug programs, health science schools, etc. The Houston Health Organization (HHO) is open to students, health workers, health "professionals," consumers, and anyone else interested in revolutionizing health care. For more info call the Space City! office (526-6257) and leave your name and number for Bryan. Do It Today!

Bicycle stolen—New Sears Girls— 3 speed—black—Reward \$20. You may need the money more than the bike. No questions asked. 526-5938 or 668-5208.

'67 VW, '65 MGB — Both in good shape \$750 ea. Hilton, 926-3163.

HELP!!! Brothers & Sisters. I was ripped off at Quicksilver Messenger Service Concert Sept. 6, '70 at Continental Showcase for the Fire Sprinkler Incident: Felonious Malicious Mischief. I Am Innocent. Case of super mistaken identity. Need Witnesses — They can give me 5 years. Please help. Call Martindale, 748-6600 Ext. 8135 or my lawyer, Jack Knight 225-3548.

HiFi Repairs, Guitar Amp Repairs, P.A. Repairs. Custom Designed Amps, P.A.'s — Cheap & Far Out. Call Cliff 528-2682

For Sale, 35mm Canon Camera. Model QL, FT Series. Two lenses w/50 mm & 35 mm. Shot 4 of rolls of film in it. \$225. Call Brenek 521-9794

Robert E. McCord lost his wallet at Herman Park. If found please mail to 7819 Woodshire, Dallas, Texas. Reward.

Chick from Austin needs to talk to someone in spiritual thing—Kreya Yoga—Great White Brotherhood. Call Conroe 756-5447 or write Addi, Box 1301, Conroe, Om.

UNKLASSIFIEDS

Space City! Unclassifieds are free. Fill out this form and mail to Space City!, 1217 Wichita, Houston 77004. Preference given to service and non-profit ads. We don't accept "sex ads." We believe that far from characterizing a position of sexual liberation, they are frequently exploitative of sexuality, especially that of women. (Not all of them are exploitative of course, but we don't know any simple guideline for determining which are and which aren't, and we don't have the time or energy to debate every ad.)

New 12 string electric guitar, 2 pickups, adjustable bridge, rod reinforced neck, tremolo, Sunburst finished, \$65. 626-2277.

Call Home, Friends, Enemies, Anywhere. Credit Card No. 5-174-7799-143 from Pay Phone Only. Only Bell Tel. Loses.—Poetic Justice

Subscribe to APHRA, first feminist literary magazine. Fourth issue on family straitjacket now ready. 4 issues—\$3.50. Much sought after back issues also available for \$1. Send check or M/O to APHRA, Box 355, Springtown, Penna. 18081.

Am interested in forming a "PEOPLE'S POLITICAL BAND" to play highest priority gigs for free at political benefits. Think about it. Instant jobs. Call Kim, 529-2901.

Custom Made Hip Clothes—One of a Kind. Fair Prices—Also alterations, repairs, etc. Call Julia 528-2682

LIBERATION LIBRARY at Space City! needs help — See story this issue.

Space City! Staffer needs furniture — desk, dresser, easy chair, double bed box spring, lights. Contact Doyle 526-6257.

Out-a-site one bdrm garage apt.—carpet, air. \$95. 1826 West Main. phone 523-9492.

Stolen: '62 Chev. Biscayne sedan, green, chrome wheels, Lic. No. MLS-690.—Info leading to identity of thief appreciated. Contact Ronnie, 4315 Woodhead @ Richmond, Apt. 15.

ASTROLOGY

Natal (and/or progressed) charts available by appointment. Also Tarot readings. E.F. Lacy III 4026 Bluebonnet 668-3107

Need To Sell! Hollow Body Elec. Guitar, 2 pickups—needs high "E" string. Will sell with my 80 watt amp w/trem & reverb, etc. Call 692-5552 after 3:00.

Everyone interested in having a football match (soccer) meet early Sunday afternoon on the Hill. Please bring a ball. I don't have one. A volleyball will do.

One girl needs a roommate and an apt. Has job & will help pay rent, buy groceries & keep clean. I'm 5'4 1/2", green eyes, blondish brown hair & of the zodiacal sign of Leo (July 30), therefore I love both people and animals. If interested, please write to: Melodie Henry, 6423 Gulf Frwy, Apt. 164.

SMALL FREAKS & OTHER MINORITIES is a semi-cooperative free environment for children in the Montrose area. That is, we presently charge \$3 a day for each child in order to meet expenses. But if you're interested in making part of your child's contribution by helping out a few hours a week, that's groovy, too. We're open from 7 am to 6:30 pm. M-F & are particularly interested in children from age 2-4, as our diaper changing time is limited. If you are interested, call 528-4097 during school hours; 523-9196 all other times. We need musical instruments, art materials & encouragement.

Need bass player for all original hard rock group. Must have good loud amp. Call Bill, 523-4944.

Wanted: A nice looking, friendly female, uncommitted to anyone, and with depth. To study & be with. Purpose not for roommate, but to communicate and share things with. Write Robert, P.O. Box 682, Pasadena, Texas 77501.

THE QUIET MOON SOCIETY seeks contact with those in the Houston & Austin areas familiar with the religious/mystical/magical concepts of British poet-novelist Robert Graves as contained in his THE WHITE GODDESS and his novel WATCH THE NDRTH WIND RISE!—PO Box 1873, Houston 77001.

We have ten acres of good land near Kerrville, Tex. If you'd like to help us build a community on it, contact Peter Di Giacomo, Box 1398, San Antonio, Tx. 78206.



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